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SKI SET
Directions inside



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TAKE IT AS IT IS

It was Saturday morning and we had gone down to get father from his office. "Let's drive down High Street and stop for a sec. at the corner," mother said. "I just want to go in."

"You've sifted that stuff thirty times," father said. "I want to go home and read."

In High Street is a second-hand shop. Father does not like antiques. Second-hand junk! he says. Mother does. Mother adores the junk shops.

"I'll be only a minute," mother said. "Please, I feel lucky."

"It's disgusting," father said. "I don't want any of my friends to see my wife in such a place."

"Your friends won't," mother said. "I'll keep my face down in my coat collar."

"I'm hungry," father said.

"Mr. Gerald knows a woman who sells a picture at an auction," mother said. "When she got home she found a hundred pounds behind a picture in the frame."

"Treasure hunting!" father said. "It's childish!"

"And fun," mother said.

"Wherever did you get this junk?" father said. "You weren't in this when I married you."

"Oh, yes, I was," mother said. "You just didn't know."

"Go ahead then," father said. "I'll stay in the car. It has a braver spirit than mine to see the smell of the place."

"The smell is good," mother said. "It is a musty smell, a smell of mildew and dust and mould and dust."

"Essence of mildew!" father said scathingly.

Mother gave him an accusing look as she climbed out of the car. "I get much fun out of it," she said. "It's the only thing I do. And it's cheap. One day I'll pick up something valuable and you'll be glad."

"Bumph!" father said.

"I can spot treasures," mother announced confidently. "It runs in the family. It's a sort of sixth sense."

Mother let us go into the junk shop with her. "Stand by the door," she told us. "Don't touch anything, just look. You might catch something terrible from that stuff, it's so dirty."

"You don't catch anything," I said.

"I'm immune," mother said.

Mother picked and pushed her way among the junk to the back room.

"Can I help you, madam?" a little man called. He was a very little man, but not a dwarf or a midget.

Mother always has some special thing she pretends to be looking for. Because the junkmen do not seem like it when you are just looking for what you might want.

"Picture frames," mother said.

The man grunted and kept on rummaging on top of the junk near the door.

Mother kept on poking at things.

He opened an old trunk.

"How much for the trunk?" she asked the man.

He craned his neck but he couldn't see what trunk it was.

"The lock is broken," mother said.

"It's just an old wooden one." She made it sound as if it were worth four twopence-halfpenny.

"Four pounds," the man said.

"Four pounds for that!" mother said.

The junkman shrugged and looked out of the window.

He was not the junkman mother liked in this shop. The one she liked was out. His name was Mr. Brass. Mr. Brass was always willing to get things down for her.

Suddenly the man looked at mother. "Picture frames upstairs," he said. "You'd better go upstairs."

"I didn't know there was one," mother said.

"What do you think those windows are up above for?" the man said angrily. "You want the key?"

"A key?" Mother was interested.

"Is it locked? What's up there?"

"Lots of stuff. Everything. Picture frames," the man said.

He got a key and motioned mother to follow him. He showed her a door on the outside of the building. Mother unlocked it.

"Can we go?" we asked her. She squinted her eyes and looked up. There were lots of steps with broken plaster and stuff all over them. "No," mother said firmly. "Wait in the shop." She went up the stairs slowly.

Father got tired of waiting in the car and came into the shop.

"Good growing weather," father said to the junkman.

All of a sudden the little man jumped up.

"I'll show you some new pans," he said. He brought a bundle of new pans to show father. "Brand new," he said. "Twelve bob a piece."

He pushed them at father.

"No," father said.

"Brand new," the junkman said.

"Real bargain."

"I don't want a lot of pans," father said. "I don't run a restaurant."

"No," the junkman said, as though he couldn't believe it.

"What's your line, then?"

"I work," father said.

"Oh," the junkman didn't believe that either. "You want a couple," he urged, after a minute. "Two," he said, looking at the ceiling.

"No," father said, trying hard to be polite. "I have no use for them."

"Not two?" the junkman said.

"With two children to cook for!" He wrapped one of the pans up in a newspaper quicker than a wink and pushed it at father. "Ten shillings," he said.

Father took the package and backed out. He gave the man a ten shilling note.

There was a noise in the back. It sounded as if something had fallen over. We all hesitated.

"Something fell," the junkman said, as if he were very tired.

Johnny ran forward before father could catch him. He picked up something. "It's a bit of plaster," he said, bringing it back to father.

There was another noise.

"Look!" Johnny screamed, pointing to the ceiling. "It must be mother coming through the roof."

There was a lady's foot and part of a leg sticking through the ceiling.

Father became very excited. "Your mother's broken through," he yelled. He started to go towards the stairs.

The little man went on sitting in the window. He shook his head sadly. "Weak floors."

Then father came down with mother. Mother was limping. She was carrying something.

"You hurt, ma'am?" the little man said.

"She's hurt and she's frightened!"

father said. "You've not heard the end of this."

His face was white and he shut his mouth in a straight line.

Mother laughed a little. "How much is this little box?" she said.

It was a little wooden box, a little bigger than a cigar box, a kind of rough box because it had designs on it.

"Five shillings," the little man said.

"Ye gods!" father said.

"That chair I bought last week had a broken leg," mother said. "You should take half a crown off for that."

The man smiled. "What you get, you get. If it's worth more, you get it free. If it's worth less, you get stung." He laughed and laughed.

Mother put down the box. "Let's go," she said to father as if she had just come in to look round. As if she hadn't busted up the place at all.

"Wait!" the little man said. "You hurt yourself. Make it three and six."

"Good Lord!" father said. "Get in the car," he said to us with his teeth shut.

Mother picked up the box. "Half a crown," she said, as if she didn't care whether she got it or not. The man grunted. Mother gave him the money.

Mother said when we were in the car. "My leg hurts."

"I'll sue him," father said.

"What did you buy? You know," mother said. "I think this little box has a secret compartment. I have a feeling about it."

Father glared. "And I think I'll get a restraining order for you," he said.

On Monday mother's leg was worse. "It hurts," she said. "and my throat's sore. Do you suppose I could be getting lockjaw?"

"Very unlikely," father said, sarcastically. "I'll get the doctor."

Father got the doctor for mother's leg. It was infected where it had scraped through the ceiling.

"The sore throat is just from going in those draughty places," father said. "I hope this teaches you a lesson about being so nosy in future."

"Bring me the box," mother said to me, disregarding father. "I'm sure it's got a secret compartment. You press something and it will open up. If I only knew what."

Father let his breath out through his nose like a mad bull and went out to consult his solicitor on the telephone about damages.

He talked a long time on the phone.

When he came back into the room he had quieted down a lot.

Mother was terribly excited on Tuesday evening.

"Mr. Brass rang me up to-day," she said.

Father was still angry.

"An old flame?"

"You know who Mr. Brass is," she said. "The junkman."

Fire shot straight out of father's eyes. "I told you," he said, "you were never to go into a junk shop again."

"Oh, yes, I am," mother said quietly. "But, anyway, Mr. Brass only wanted the box."

Please turn to page 4

"Look!" Johnny screamed, pointing up at the ceiling.

"It's mother, coming through the roof."

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Take It As It Is

Continued from page 3

FATHER was surprised, "The box?" he asked.

"Yes, the box I bought from his partner. The box I bought the other day. The one with the secret compartment."

"You found a secret compartment?" Father was interested now. "Not yet," mother said. "But it must have one."

"Yes," father said wearily. "They always do."

"Or else," mother said, "why would the man want to buy it back?"

"I don't know," father said. "Why, indeed. Who would want it?"

"He does," mother said. "He wants it very much. He offered me five shillings at first. Twice as much as I paid for it."

"Didn't you take it?" father said. "I never take the first offer. They don't expect you to."

"Business woman!" father said. "We could have put it towards the doctor's bill. In case we don't get anything out of the action for damages."

"You're not suing Mr. Brass!" mother said. "He wasn't even there."

"I am suing the owners of the building," father said. "Mr. Brass, if that's his name, and the other chap. For five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred pounds!" mother said.

"We won't get it," father said. "You never get what you ask."

"If only I could find the secret compartment," mother said. "Then we could pay the doctor and not sue Mr. Brass. I suppose Mr. Brass knows it has a secret compartment, too, or he wouldn't have offered me one pound for it."

"He offered you one pound for the box!" father shouted.

"Yes," mother said, still pressing round the box. "But I told him I positively would not sell it."

"Give it to me!" father said. He looked it all over. He held it off. He put it on the table and walked across the room and looked at it. He shook his head. "I can't see it," he said. "Is it antique?"

"I don't know," mother said. "It may be."

They got out all the old antique collector's magazines. The next day father brought home some books from the library, but they couldn't find anything about this kind of box. It was a pretty good box, the latch worked and it had designs carved on it, but it didn't look as though it would be worth much.

Mr. Brass had come out to our house that day. Mother saw him through the window, but she couldn't go to the door because she couldn't walk on her leg. So he went away again. That evening he talked to father on the telephone.

"He told me you went up at your own risk," father said.

"Well, I suppose I did," mother said. "That wasn't open to the public. I had to get the key."

"Perhaps," father said, "if you talked to his lawyers you could win the case for him."

"What else did Mr. Brass say?" mother said.

Father was sitting monkeying with the box. "He offered me two pounds for the box."

"See," mother said. "What did I tell you?"

"It must be an antique," father said. "I'm going to find out."

Father took the box to an antique

dealer who told him it was worthless. He was angry about that. He liked the box himself by now.

Mr. Brass phoned again.

"Your junkman is coming here," father told mother. "I'll talk to him."

"Don't you dare sell him the box," mother said. "Not till I see what's in the secret compartment."

Mr. Brass offered father five pounds for the box. He talked to him out in the front garden. I was watching from the dining-room window.

When we had breakfast the next morning, father was monkeying with the box again. He was almost late for the office.

"Bring it to me," mother said, before we went to school. She was lying on the sofa.

At lunchtime I tried pressing it all over, too. It was funny none of us could find the secret spring.

Mr. Brass came back again that night. I let him into the hall.

"The box is not for sale," father told him. "We like it. We are going to keep it." He opened the door for Mr. Brass to go.

All of a sudden Mr. Brass said, "How much is this doctor's bill? You give me the box, I'll pay the bill."

"What is so precious about that box?" father asked quietly.

"Just an old keepsake," Mr. Brass said.

Mother couldn't stand it. "Look, Mr. Brass," she called from the living-room, "you pay the bill and we won't sue you."

Mr. Brass turned towards the living-room, holding out his hands to mother as though she were something wonderful. "I get my box back?" he asked, beaming.

"If I think you should have it, after you tell us why you want it," mother said. "Otherwise I keep it. It's mine. I bought it," she said.

Mr. Brass stopped and thought.

"I'll show you," he said. He took the box from mother and sat down in a chair. He took a nail-file from his pocket and stuck it down into the side of the bottom. He lifted the bottom out. It was very easy. We had not thought of just lifting it out. Mr. Brass held up the false bottom proudly.

Mr. Brass turned the inside of the box towards mother. She gaped. Father got interested, too. He went over and looked in. So did we.

It was treasure. Money! Paper money, flat down in the bottom of the box. Mr. Brass took the notes out and counted the money. There were ten five-pound notes.

"Whose is it?" mother asked him.

"Where did it come from?"

"It's mine," Mr. Brass said.

"But why did you put it in that box?" mother said. "How did you know it had a false bottom?"

"I was too late for the bank," Mr. Brass said. "I was going away and I didn't want to leave so much in my house. A lot of burglaries about just now. Nobody breaks in a junk shop, though. They make too much noise trying to find something they want to steal." He laughed at his own cunning.

"But how did you know about the false bottom?"

"My boy made the box," Mr. Brass said, "at school." He handed a note to mother.

"Reward," he said.

"Oh, no," mother said.

"No, no," Mr. Brass said. "You take it."

"No," mother said. "I won't take any money, and we'll withdraw the action for damages; but I'd like that old trunk."

Everybody was happy. Father brought in some beer for Mr. Brass. They all drank, even mother. They looked very happy.

"Trunk?" said Mr. Brass, eventually.

"In your shop," mother said. "I saw it the other day."

"You can have the trunk," Mr. Brass said, relieved, stuffing the notes into his pocket. "I'll have it delivered to your house to-morrow." He beamed at mother and the simplicity of this new deal.

Mother said dreamily, "I'm sure that trunk has a false bottom."

Father clapped his hand to his head and sat down suddenly.

"Just your driver's licence and the fact that I've known you from infancy will be sufficient identification, Alfred."

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Interesting People



CAPTAIN P. G. TAYLOR
... publishes new book

FLYING is recreation as well as life work of famous aviator Captain P. G. Taylor, whose latest book, "Forgotten Island," has been published by Shakespeare Head Press. After he served as an fighter in the 1914-18 war he pioneered formation of trans-oceanic airways, and in his latest book he tells of his plan for a new route across the South Pacific via Clipperton Island. Apart from flying, his interests are sailing, surfing.



MISS DAISY BRIDGES
... distinguished nurse

LONDON-BORN Miss Daisy Bridges has been appointed executive secretary of the International Council of Nurses, which has 300,000 members from 32 countries. "I am so glad a British nurse has been chosen," she says. She served during the war in France, India, and the Middle East, winning a number of decorations. She has engaging smile, quiet, direct manner.



MR. C. RAJAGOPALACHARI
... succeeds Mountbatten

QUIETLY spoken 68-year-old Indian Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, who becomes Governor-General of India in succession to Lord Louis Mountbatten, is member of aristocratic Brahmin caste. He is a son-in-law of Gandhi, and, like him, a lawyer. A brilliant scholar and thinker, he was devoted follower for many years of Gandhi, but was less anti-British. He supported Jinnah's claim for separate Moslem India. He is a vegetarian and reticent, lives as an ascetic, getting up at 5 a.m. daily.

Murder is seldom boring

By...

**KALMAN
PHILLIPS**

"Is Mr. Heath in?"

The voice was deep and self-confident. I turned. The man in the doorway was tall, with big shoulders and eyes that were observing me intently—not with the blank abstraction Jeff tossed about so freely.

"Please sit down. He's busy at the moment," I replied.

"I'll wait. I had an appointment with Raymond Sykes."

The buzzer on my desk buzzed. Jeff's voice was irritated. "If you just want to look at him, I'll have him stuffed and hung on the wall. Or did you forget I have the intercom system on?"

I kept my voice low. "Good business, that's all. Keep them anxious and they think you're big stuff."

He grunted. "I am big stuff. But if you're that impressed, you can tag along with your pencil. Slide him in."

Jeff had lean cheeks, a long nose, and an unruly mop of hair but his clothes were strictly Bond Street. He liked clothes. He admitted they didn't help him solve cases, but they certainly helped the size of his fees.

He rose from behind the big mahogany desk as we came in. "Good afternoon, Mr. Sykes. Don't let Miss Morrison's presence bother you. She's a unique specimen among women. She doesn't talk."

Sykes hesitated. He seemed unsure of his ground. I smiled encouragingly, and he looked at me gratefully. "Well, I told you something about the situation over the phone. You see, my aunt hasn't been too well lately . . . you may have heard of her—Cornelia Whitman?"

Jeff nodded. "Eccentric, but she can afford to be. Much money."

"Exactly. Which, when she dies, will make me quite a rich man. Her present will leaves the bulk of her fortune to me."

I sighed. All this and money too. He was almost too good to be true. I could see Jeff mentally upping his fee. Jeff said, "And . . . ?"

The other's face darkened. "She's thinking of changing her will . . . going to cut me out entirely . . . leave everything to that secretary of hers. I heard them talking about it in the library last night."

Jeff's eyebrows raised. "Hearing yourself being talked out of a cool million must have been something of a shock. How is your aunt mentally?"

Sykes' mouth quirked wryly. "Not a chance there. The old girl is sane, all right. Too smart in her business affairs for a court ever to rule otherwise. This secretary of hers seems to have her hypnotised, though. My aunt does almost everything she suggests. Which is where you come in."

"Murdering secretaries is a little out of my line," Jeff said wryly.

Sykes grimaced. "You make my mouth water, but I didn't mean anything quite that drastic. I merely want her discredited. Find out about her . . . there must be something shady in her past. My aunt's a stickler morally. If I can hang a scandal of some kind on this woman she'll never get a dime."

"What's her name?"

"Eve Dellacurti."

"My fee will be rather high for a case of this type."



"My aunt was quite a collector. Let me show you around," Raymond Sykes said, his voice smooth.

"If she is," he ruminated, "and she's good-looking, you might get me her telephone number."

The taxi dumped me in the middle of a welter of radio cars, policemen, and curious people. Our old friend and severest critic, Sergeant Douglas, was standing on the steps of the old-fashioned stone mansion. "I knew it," he said. "Whenever there's trouble, the Heath troupe pops up to make more of it. Where's that obnoxious boss of yours and what does he know?"

"Nothing," I was puzzled. "Neither do I. What's all the excitement?"

Douglas grunted. "Look, I know you're not here on any sightseeing tour. Does Heath have any idea who did it?"

"Did what?"

"Murdered the old lady, of course."

"Murdered what old lady?"

"Cornelia Whitman, my innocent little lamb. Now slap on a surprised expression and tell me you didn't know."

I tried to keep my face straight because I didn't want too many questions about what I was doing there, but, with a motive like his, it looked like my big beautiful dream man had come home and up and done away with his aunt before she had time to change her will. "When did it happen?"

"About four o'clock."

At which time said dream man had been casting reflective glances

at my well-turned ankles while Jeff was talking to him. Which gave him a perfect alibi. My sigh was relieved. "How was it done?"

"Very neat and efficient. Bullet through her head. The gun was lying right beside her . . . very clumsy attempt to make it look like suicide."

"Make any arrests yet?"

"No. We're considering the butler. Cornelia gave him a week's notice this morning. He probably got mad."

"If everyone who got fired went around murdering the boss, I'd sure hate to be a boss." I smiled at him. "Can I go in and ask questions?"

"Don't be funny," he growled.

I went to a telephone booth and called Jeff. The office was closed, but I managed to connect with him in the cocktail bar across the street.

"Make it quick," he ordered. "I'm wrapped up in some very important business."

"Skip it," I said coldly. "Cornelia Whitman was murdered at four o'clock. They suspect the butler."

There was a moment's silence at the other end of the line. His voice was reflective. "Which makes young Raymond Sykes a very rich man."

"Don't go off the deep end. He was at our office hiring you when it happened, remember?"

"True."

Please turn to page 10

Page 5

Adelyn Frocks, Suits, Coats — First for Fit.

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SING ME A LOVE SONG

By
ARTHUR GORDON

IT was during the Jacksonville concert that we finally decided that something drastic had to be done about Terry. Here we were, the best glee club the college had had in years, on tour, and Terry was letting us down.

There were thirty-four of us in the club, or, as one wag put it more precisely, thirty-two men, a girl, and a yodeler. Everybody knows that, to be effective, a yodel has to be bright and happy. For the last four concerts Terry had been making it sound like a dirge.

Bob Harmon, the leader of the club, stood beside me in the wings one night and listened, cringing, to Terry's efforts. Then he looked at me accusingly, as if being Terry's room-mate made me personally responsible for the way he sang.

"Rip," said Bob, "this can't go on. Something has to be done. He's ruining the reputation of the club. He's a disgrace to the college."

I shrugged my shoulders. "I warned you," I said.

Terry came off the stage disconsolately to a polite ripple of applause. He gave us a listless nod and went and stood where he could watch the stage. Why he liked to torture himself like that I didn't know. In a moment the lights would dim, and there would be Serita Wayne, our beautiful blonde canary, singing a love duet with David Hardy, our tenor soloist.

Between them, they always knocked the audience right into the aisles. Unfortunately, the same combination was ruining our yodeler. The explanation was simple. Until David showed up, Serita had been Terry's girl.

I said soothingly to Bob, "It's just temporary. He'll probably snap out of it in a day or two."

"If he doesn't," growled Bob, "you'd better start thinking of something to do about it, painful though the process may be."

I don't know why Bob expected me to provide him with a solution. After all, bringing Serita on the glee-club trip had been his own idea. I had tried to argue him out of it.

THE party was to travel in six cars, drive up the coast, giving concerts en route. This suited me, because the itinerary included Savannah, my home town, and I was looking forward to a nice quiet visit with my family. Quiet—but!

We had a couple of rehearsals in Miami, and everything was under control. Terry was in good voice, and Serita was concentrating her big guns on him, with apparently excellent results. But just before our first concert at the Miami-Biltmore, David Hardy joined the club.

I was unhappy when Bob told me he was coming. David had transferred from somewhere to our alma mater just a short time ago, and in my considered opinion he was a stuffed shirt. He could sing, but he talked too much about his success with the ladies, and his hair was too smooth and his mouth was too curly. I said as much to Bob. Forcefully.

"Well," said Bob, "I'll admit he's a bit on the matinee-idol side. But, after all, we're trying to please the customers, not big gorillas like you. You wait and see. When Serita and David sing a couple of those love lyrics together, they'll bring the house down."

I shook my head. "Terry's not going to like it."

We stood now watching Serita and David go through their act, and—exactly as Bob had predicted—it brought the house down. Terry moved off looking ghastly.

Bob watched him go. "Seriously, Rip," he said, "you've got to do something. Aside from the club's reputation, I'm worried about Terry."

"He'll be all right," I said.

"Yes, but he seems to be taking this Serita business harder than usual. If he could just forget her for a few hours, it might make all the difference."

"Might as well expect an elephant to forget its trunk," I grunted. "Everywhere Terry looks, there's his girl with The Profile."

Bob suddenly fixed me with a glassy eye. "You know, that gives me an idea. If we could lure David away from Serita—even for a little while—it might give Terry a chance."

"And who," I asked him, "do you expect to do the luring?"

"That's your problem," said Bob. "Don't you know a pretty girl in Savannah who'd do a job on David just for fun?"

"Well," I said, "it's not my idea of fun. Maybe the Brat would know somebody, though."

"The what?"

"The Brat—my kid sister. Seventeenish. Smart, though."

"Couldn't she do the job herself?"

"My sister? I should say not! She's too young, anyway. But she might know of somebody."

"Well," said Bob, "what are you standing there for? Telephone."

I found the backstage telephone and rang my sister. "Hi, nuisance," I said, "this is Rip. Listen. We're due in Savannah to-morrow, as you know, and there's a job we want done." And I explained the situation.

The Brat thought for a moment. "There's always Sallie Ballard," she said finally.

"Sallie?" I hooted. "She's a mere child!"

"She's about my age."

"Well," I amended, "she was a child the last time I saw her. Over a year ago, I guess."

"I think she'd do now."

"All right," I said reluctantly. "I suppose I'll have to take your word for it. What's cooking for to-morrow afternoon? How is our fair city

entertaining this paragon of glee clubs?"

"Mr. MacPherson wants to give the club a barbecue."

"All right. Have Sallie stand by to take this joker David Hardy. And remember, I want her to turn on the heat."

"I'll remember," said the Brat meekly, and hung up.

Bob beamed at me when I told him. "Good!" he said. "This should fix everything."

It fixed everything, all right.

We made the trip next morning in about four hours. It wasn't exactly a hilarious journey. Terry, Bob, and I rode in one car, and in the car ahead we could see Serita's golden head nestling close to David's shoulder. As a result, Terry was about as chummy as a rattlesnake.

I piloted the boys to the hotel and told them about the barbecue, and then went straight home. The Brat was waiting for me on the front porch. She looked so grown up that for a moment I didn't recognise her.

"Hello, nuisance," I said, and kissed her. "How's everything? And since when did you begin going in so heavily for this lipstick and such?"

"Boredom," she declared. She

tossed her coppery hair. "Come on in, little brother. The fatted calf awaits, and Sallie is coming over in a few minutes. She wants to get her instructions from the horse's mouth, so to speak."

My parents were in the library, and we had a good reunion. My mother remarked anxiously that I looked tired. Father said it must be the strain of not studying.

"It's the strain," I told them, "of looking after my friends. Could I have a couple of them stay here instead of at the hotel? I'd like you to know them, and vice versa."

MY mother said to invite anyone I wanted, and just then the doorbell rang. The Brat jumped up and dragged me out into the hall. Through the glass in the front door I could see a girl standing on the porch.

"Here she is," the Brat said. "Just what the doctor ordered."

The door swung open, and I looked at Sallie. I closed my eyes and looked again. The last time I'd seen her, Sallie had been a freckle-faced kid with long coltish legs, and bands on her teeth. Now she was something out of the beauty-box.

"It's an old glee club custom," Rip whispered tenderly to her.

"Hello, Rip," she said in a voice like magnolia petals. "Remember me?"

Right then and there I began having misgivings about this latest scheme of Bob's. Deliberately pushing an innocent young girl like that into David's clutches was nothing short of sacrilege. I made up my mind to call the whole thing off. Then I thought of Terry and unmade it again.

"Sure I remember you," I said. "Come on in. It's nice of you to help us out this way."

"I'll do anything," she said, "for . . . a laugh."

I had a curious impression that she hadn't finished the sentence the way she intended to, and the Brat gave a dry little chuckle and said, "Steady, old girl!" and altogether it was a strange little electric moment.

I looked at Sallie again and silently cursed Bob for his idiotic ideas. Then I said gruffly, "Well, come along, let's get organised."

We went up to the Brat's room. All three of us sat on the bed. I phoned the hotel and asked to speak to Serita.

"Serita," I said, when she answered, "this is Rip. Seeing as it's my home town, I thought maybe you'd let me escort you to the barbecue this p.m."

I could tell from the sound of her voice that Serita was pleased. "Why, Rip," she said, "how nice. I'd love to. Of course, David asked me, too, but—" she hesitated, and I could almost feel her weighing the local boy against the tenor soloist.

"I'll pick you up after lunch," I said. "About three-thirty. Now let me speak to Bob, will you?"

Please turn to page 13

Beginning our new serial . . . a story as appealing in its theme and artistry as the author's famous novel "The Yearling"

MOUNTAIN PRELUDE

By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

THE white window curtains blew straight out into the room. An elm tree outside, pale green with spring, fought the strong March wind with slender boughs, then gave up the struggle and leaned easily with the pressure, like an eagle soaring.

It was a boy's room, the room of a boy entirely mad with the very thought of aeroplanes.

The walls were covered with colored prints of planes, with drawings and photographs of planes; and hanging from the ceiling models of planes swung back and forth in the swift-flowing air.

Photographs of a man in Air Force uniform, alone, in group pictures, or standing by a B-17, air trophies here and there, a plane propeller, compass and callipers, indicated that the occupant of the room had learned his love of flight from one with war experience.

The occupant was certain, at the moment, that he was actually his father, Major Hank Jackson. He sat tensely in the pilot's seat of a toy aeroplane in the centre of the large room.

It was more than a toy, a full six feet in length, complete in its detail to the lifelike instrument panel. The "major" would have denied it, but he was twelve years old. His co-pilot or passenger—for sometimes he was one and then again the other—was a large collie dog, who sat gravely behind him, waiting for the take-off.

Yesterday the dog had been Colonel Scott, the co-pilot. To-day he was General Eisenhower, being flown on a most secret mission. To have him answer a question, however, it was necessary to address him by his true, everyday name, which was simply Jock.

The major revved his four motors. "R-r-r-r-r!" he rumbled.

He adjusted his earphones and spoke in a low voice into the mouthpiece on his flat chest.

"Jackson away," he murmured. "Jackson away." He turned sideways and held the mouthpiece to

Jock's nose. "Eisenhower away," he said firmly. "Keep it secret."

He poked Eisenhower in the ribs, and the general obliged with a short snappy bark to the control tower.

The major frowned.

"Bother it," he said to the general. "I'm sure I know what to do next, but I'd better look."

He leafed open a book, "Flight Instructions for the Beginner." The general rested his head on the major's shoulder, and the major patted it absently.

"Oh, sure. I had it right. Here we go, Ike!"

The great ship was roaring down the runway. The major pulled back on the control stick. For an instant it seemed that he would not clear the trees, but with a supreme effort—by sheer willpower, it seemed—he lifted the plane. It soared into space, higher and higher, and the earth dropped away below.

It was all plain in young Hank's mind. The toy had turned into a B-17, quite properly, but the pilot, although in major's uniform, was still twelve years old.

General Eisenhower, though sporting five stars, had the fine head of a collie dog, which, under the rakish cap, gave the effect of needing, very badly, a haircut. It was a lovely and satisfying picture.

The high brass hat was the first to be jolted back to reality. He twitched his long, pointed ears. Then the major came out of his trance. Someone in the next room had begun to practise on a piano.

It was the practice of scales of an artist, true, interpolated with piping runs and snatches of melody, but it was loud and obtrusive, and a menace to the secret mission.

"Rats!" the major said to the general. "She would have to practise right now. Well, let's get the flight over before she gets worse."

Two Messerschmitts came at them out of the clouds. There was no time to be lost, for the pianist had swung into a concerto and it was difficult for a man to keep his head.

The major polished off the nearest Messerschmitt minutes before he had intended. He handled the con-

trial stick with his knees and blazed away with his forward gun.

"Bang - bang - bang - bang!" he yelled. "Pop-pity-pop-pity-spit-spit! Whoops! Got him!"

The general, as was perhaps reasonable, became excited and barked loudly above the staccato of the gun and the explosion of the enemy plane and the major's shrill cries of triumph. The piano was abruptly silent.

A moment later, the door opened between the aerial battlefield and the Jackson drawing-room. The hero's mother entered and the show was over.

"Hank, darling," she said, "I can't practise with that awful racket going on."

The major and the general stepped sadly from the little toy aeroplane. The B-17 faded, and the uniforms, and the second Messerschmitt collapsed in mid-air.

Mrs. Jackson put her arms round the drooping and deflated pilot. She was a very beautiful young mother, her love was plain, and it was a pity that the major was not happy.

She said wistfully, "Hank, you worry me so. Why can't you play with something else besides planes? You must understand how I feel about them. Give me time to get over it, dear."

The boy scuffed his toe in the deep-piled rug.

"But, mother," he complained, "it wasn't a plane that killed daddy. It was the enemy. He just happened to be in a plane."

"I know," she said gently. "And when you're older I'll let you take lessons in flying and you can fly all over the world. Won't that do?"

"I can fly right now."

"Not right now, darling. You and Jock come in with me, and I won't even practise. I'll play something you like."

General Jock was not happy, either. He understood that some conflict was taking place, that young Hank was being reproved, and he followed the two disconsolately back into the drawing-room.

Helen Jackson went to the studio grand piano.

"What would you like to hear?"

"I don't like any of it."

Young Hank glanced from the second-story window and stood spellbound. Within clear sight of the suburban house lay a golf course, and as he looked out a small plane drifted down on an open field between the house and the course.

Two men stepped out with golf-bags over their shoulders and walked towards the clubhouse. Helen Jackson began a lilting tune. The boy wet his lips.

"Mother," he said, "Jock and I want to go out and play."

She took her hands from the keys. "To the playground? All right, dear."

The boy said, "Come on, Jock," and started away.

She stopped him at the door and laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Darling, please be careful," she said. "You're so young, you don't really understand. I know you miss daddy, but I lived with him longer than you did, and I've almost died without him. If anything happened to you, I couldn't live at all. You're all I have, you know."

"Me and Jock, too. Gosh, Jock is as important as anybody."

"But Jock doesn't care a rap about me. He's a man's dog, and always has been. He loved big Hank so terribly, and when he didn't . . . come back . . . he loved you. And he's just a dog, after all."

"Don't be silly, mother. Jock is—well—Jock is people."

"All right! Just be careful!"

The boy and the dog ran from the room, and she turned back to her piano. Since there were no aviators about to be disturbed or to disturb her, she returned to practising. The scales went up and down—the long white fingers darted back and forth along the keys, and outside the house the March wind increased its strength and whistled and sang in the elm tree.

HANK ran rapidly. Jock bounded along, now behind him, to the side, ahead of him, and they ran with joy together. The boy reached the plane. He leaned inside the cockpit, and, as he had hoped, the key was in the ignition.

"Oh, boy!" he breathed. "Jock, we'll show mummy we can fly!"

He was annoyed when Jock refused to follow. The dog whined and lay flat on the ground.

"Don't be as foolish as mummy! Jock! Get in here this minute!"

In the end, he was obliged to drag Jock by his collar into the plane.

He did know how to start it, he did know how to make the take-off, he did get the plane into the air, while Jock crouched behind him.

Young Hank soared joyously for a short while, and then something—something was wrong. The March wind was so strong.

It was almost a gale. The small plane was buffeted about, one wing tipping high, and then the other. Young Hank was in a panic. A great evil breath blew on them and he did not know what to do.

"Gosh, Jock, I should have brought my book!"

Jock was trembling. Now and

again he gave a low moan. He had tried his best to say, by barking, that this business was not right. With a dog's wisdom, he had known. The plane leaped and dipped and dropped with the wind.

Young Hank's eyes were big with fright. The plane whirled into a tailspin and was falling, falling, falling.

The boy cried out, "Jock, Daddy!" The dog gave a bark of anguish, but there was no answer. The little plane crashed into the earth at almost the spot it had left it. Splinters of wood, of wing fabric, jets of gasoline and oil sprayed into the air.

The debris settled slowly to the ground, and there was silence.

Then a hissing sounded, and then a crackling, and lazy flames began licking from the nose of the plane, eating back easily toward the cockpit.

No one was there to see, but a collie dog crept out, backed out, from the wreck. Blood flowed from a great gash in his head. And a broken front leg hung limply. He whimpered.

The flames leaped suddenly high. Jock cocked his ears, balanced himself on three legs, then plunged back into the wreckage and tugged at young Hank.

With unspeakable effort he dragged him to clear ground as the fire enveloped the cockpit and the plane became a roaring bonfire.

Jock hauled the boy by his clothing farther out of range. He lay down beside him and licked his face. Young Hank did not stir. A trickle of blood ran down his shirt from his mouth. Jock whined and barked loudly, calling to him, and still the boy lay without moving.

The dog was frantic. He hobbled around and around, and barked again. He limped to the beloved figure and sniffed. Then he sat back on his haunches, holding up his broken leg with its great pain, and howled, for the end of time had come for him.

He stood up, balancing himself, and looked toward his home. He rejected something there. He looked across the golf course, and the clubhouse was not too far away.

Working quickly, he pulled from the boy's shirt pocket his handkerchief, wet with blood. This he took firmly in his teeth and set out on three legs for the clubhouse.

At the entrance he came to gay men and women sitting on the verandah sipping tall drinks. He paused and looked at them, and not one saw that he carried tragedy in his mouth. He dropped the handkerchief.

Please turn to page 22

Dr. Parker called to her from the doorway and she turned to hear him say again, "Don't forget — life is more important than you are."



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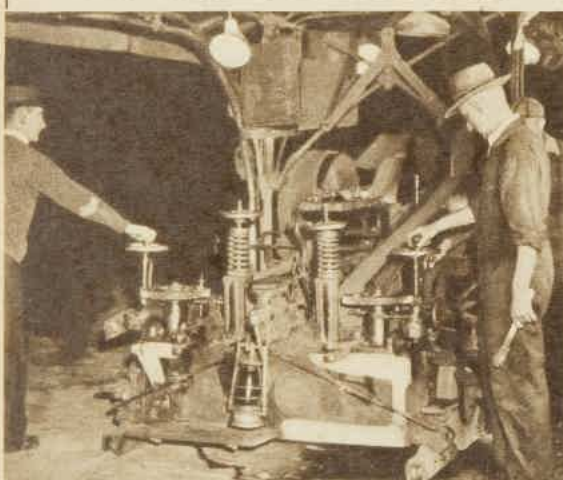
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K883

Murder is Seldom Boring

Continued from page 5

JEFF didn't say anything else, so I rather hopefully said: "Which pretty much lets us out of the case, doesn't it? Sykes won't need us now."

"Don't sound so disappointed. You'll be seeing him. You forget that we're his alibi."

Sergeant Douglas called us down to the big maunton the next morning. He greeted me rather sourly. "Why didn't you tell me yesterday that one of the Sykes brothers was over to see you?"

Jeff's eyelids flickered. "You mean there are two of those gorgeous creatures?"

"I wouldn't exactly call both of them gorgeous. Raymond is pretty, but Bradford could get a job standing in for the gorilla in any zoo in the country. I guess that's why the old lady left all the money to Raymond. Women are funny."

Raymond Sykes saw us as soon as we entered the library. He nodded to Jeff, but his eyes were caressing as they rested on me.

There were five of them in the room other than the policeman and Jeff and myself. I got the story on all of them while Douglas was doing some routine questioning. There was Raymond Sykes, of course. I knew about him. And the butler, a tall, thin man with eyes habitually half-closed. He gave me the shivers.

The slim, luscious blonde with the wide blue eyes sitting in the easy chair was Cynthia Lanier, a grand-niece, who had been quite a favorite of the old lady. The way Jeff's eyes kept returning to her, I could see that she'd be quite a favorite of his, weather permitting.

Raymond Sykes' brother, Bradford, was sitting on the edge of a straight chair. His big hands kept opening and closing nervously. It had been his gun with which the old lady had been killed. It had been taken from his bureau drawer, he claimed. Anyone could have taken it, particularly the butler, who was in and out. Everyone knew he had it. His deep resentment at his aunt for having cut him out of her will in favor of his brother was also known to everyone.

Eve Dellacurti stood in one corner of the room. She was a strikingly handsome woman, but her features were twisted into a mask of frustration and anger. There was positive hatred in the glances she sent at Raymond Sykes, who was smiling at me. I could understand that. Death had cheated her out of the money now coming his way, and even though he couldn't have had a hand in it, her resentment would naturally turn against the man who benefited most from it.

The sergeant's first remark sent a chill over the group. He said, "I'm throwing out the possibility that this was an outside job. There's no evidence of anyone breaking in, nothing was taken, and the murder was committed with a gun removed from one of the rooms. One of the people here is a murderer. It will save a lot of trouble if he or she will confess. Now, who did it?"

He turned his batteries on the Dellacurti woman first. She was twisting and untwisting her hands broodingly. "You say you spoke to Mrs. Whitman about three-thirty before going down into the library to go over the household accounts. Could anyone else have got into her room after you left?"

"Yes, easily." Her voice was sharp... cheated. It snapped accusation at all of them. "I closed the door. Anyone could have gone up to the room and murdered Mrs. Whitman without much trouble, without my seeing or hearing him. Her room was soundproofed... the shot would hardly be heard outside."

The police sergeant's voice was abrupt. "Who do you think did it?"

Eve Dellacurti said nothing. Her eyes were on Raymond Sykes.

His shoulders moved uneasily. "That's ridiculous."

"Is it?" Her black eyes narrowed. "She was going to leave everything to me, and you knew it, you—murderer!"

"Easy," Jeff advised. "He couldn't have done it. He was up in my office at the time, remember?"

Eve Dellacurti's black eyes switched to the blonde girl. "Then it must have been her. I heard them arguing the night before... and she was mentioned in the will also."

"Is that true, Miss Lanier?" the sergeant wanted to know.

"We—we did have a little spat," the blonde girl said nervously. "You see, I wanted to go on the stage—I'd been offered a small part in a show, and my great-aunt opposed it. But even to insinuate that I'd murder her because of a small thing like that is nonsense. Besides, I was in my room all the time."

"Did anyone see you there?"

"No," Cynthia Lanier flared. "Did anyone see Eve in the library? How do you know she didn't kill Aunt Cornelia? She's the type, you know. She's mean."

Sergeant Douglas shrugged. "I've heard of people killing for a million, but to kill to do yourself out of a million would be a new one to my experience." He turned to Bradford Sykes. "Which brings us to you. It was your gun, you know. Everybody says you hated your aunt for cutting you out of the will in favor of your brother. As I see it, you must have brooded on it until things finally got too much for you."

"You're a moron," Bradford Sykes said.

The policeman colored. "I'd advise you to keep a civil tongue if you don't want to be slapped in gaol right now."

The ugly man's huge shoulders shrugged. "Put me in. What do I care? I get the dirty end of things. I know it. I always have, all my life. Champagne and caviar for my pretty baby brother and bread and water for me. I didn't kill the old biddy, but I felt like doing it a number of times."

Douglas observed him for a moment indecisively. The other glared back. Then Douglas turned to the butler. "Mrs. Whitman fired you yesterday, didn't she?"

Johnson nodded, his thin lips bloodless. "I was given notice. But—I never murdered anyone, sir."

"Did you see anyone go up to Mrs. Whitman's room at the time of the murder?"

The butler's eyes switched to the blonde girl. "Miss Lanier, sir. She went in at about a quarter to four. I noticed her as I went past checking the cleaning in the hall."

The girl shrugged. "I had had an appointment in the evening with this producer. I just stopped in for a moment to tell Aunt Cornelia I'd decided to abide by her wishes."

The sergeant tapped his teeth with a reflective pencil. I looked at Jeff. He was smiling slightly in that way he had when he had a hunch. But he didn't say anything. The sergeant's voice was rough. "Well, I don't think I'm ready to make an arrest just yet. But I don't want anyone here to leave this house until I do. You're all under suspicion." "Including us?" Jeff's voice was mild.

"Oh, I didn't mean you two." The other sounded disgusted. "The sooner you get out of here, the better I'll like it."

"Just one moment." It was the blonde. She was looking appealingly

at Jeff. "Mr. Heath, could I speak with you... alone?"

I watched them suspiciously as they went off together. A voice at my elbow said, "Bored?"

It was Raymond Sykes. His fingers were touching my arm; slightly I smiled up at him. If Jeff kept smuggling himself into corners with luscious blondes, a girl had to keep herself occupied. "I seldom find murder boring," I answered.

"You don't need me to amuse you then?"

"You aren't exactly a monotonous sort of person, Mr. Sykes," I said.

"Let me show you around. My aunt was quite a collector. Some of the things here are choice antiques."

It seemed rather strange to be browsing around discussing vases with a charming man when I knew there was a murderer in our midst. From the vicious glances the Dellacurti woman kept tossing at Raymond Sykes I could see that she still suspected him of somehow having cheated her out of her million dollars. Which was ridiculous.

In the taxi on the way back to our office, I sighed. "Well, we're out of that one finally."

"Not quite," Jeff said. "What did you think I was doing with Cynthia Lanier—necking on the staircase?" "Frankly, yes."

"Oh? Hmm. Remind me not to waste my opportunities the next time I see her. Will you? She's really quite a succulent dish. This, however, happened to be business."

"I can imagine."

"Don't be difficult. Cynthia hired us. To find the murderer. She thinks Bradford was right about Sergeant Douglas... I think she's a moron. I didn't disillusion her. After all, a fee is a fee. I have a job for you—important. Can you handle it?"

I nodded eagerly. "Of course."

"We're going back there to-morrow night. I thought I'd let things fester for a day. Do you think you can get Raymond Sykes to make love to you?"

My jaw dropped. "Of course. But

"There are no buts. There's a job to be done. I have a theory. I want you to let Raymond Sykes make love to you—kisses and all. Now will you do the job?"

"All right," I said indignantly. "But I want a rescue party pretty close if things get too rough."

Cynthia Lanier had invited us over for dinner. It was, despite the excellent food, a cold stiletto-edged affair. The only ones who seemed at ease were Raymond Sykes and Jeff.

Raymond Sykes seemed glad to see me... placed his chair next to mine and kept me amused. I realised that this wasn't going to be too hard an assignment to take.

We strolled out into the drawing-room afterward. A few hackles rose on my neck as I noticed the affectionate way Cynthia Lanier was hanging on to Jeff's arm. But I don't suppose I should have minded. I was doing as much to Raymond Sykes.

Jeff caught my eye. He frowned, looked significantly at Sykes, and nodded in the direction of the staircase. I got the implication, swallowed, and pressed Raymond Sykes' arm slightly. "Would... would you think me morbid if I asked you to show me your aunt's room?"

"Not at all," he said smoothly.

Raymond Sykes' strong hand on my arm guided me as we went up the stairs and down the hall. He hesitated for a moment, then paused in front of a door.

Please turn to page 13

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Nary Horderu

After Five

detachable
underskirt



Dior - such a green crepe
wide neck line, feel graceful
was cut skin

Dior - of gleaming fabric (hip
flattering fabric)

Versace, black or dark in velvet
reminds of Coats white lace
is cover for low necked short
dancing frock - from New York

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You'll rush this
**SPEEDIER, POCKET-SERVICE
 ANTACID TABLET**

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to give you rapid relief from
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★ Close-rolled in a repeater-type gilt-foil wrap, dust-proof, damp-proof, spill-proof and rattle-proof. No unwrapping, just flick off a Quick-Eze as needed without fuss or fumble.

★ Doubly protected by its identifying Quick-Eze orange and blue label, this Quick-Eze pack is designed to be carried inconspicuously in waistcoat pocket, purse or handbag. Quick-Eze stay fresh, full-flavoured and uncontaminated in this protective wrapping to the last tablet and will never spill out or crumble.

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 THAT'S NEVER "CHALKY"**

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**QUICK-EZE PROTECT
 AGAINST
 EMBARRASMENTS**

Never bite the hand that feeds you by making a show of after-meal discomfort. Quick-Eze is an under-cover aid to good digestion. Pop a tablet or two in your mouth and no hostess will see anything to lift an eyebrow at. So handy, too, to win the gratitude of a fellow guest by slipping him a relieving Quick-Eze when he's too well fed for words. Relief comes speedily and surely.



**QUICK-EZE WIN FRIENDS BY
 INFLUENCING THEIR DIGESTION**



"Have a Quick-Eze" is an invitation to friendliness. A couple or three Quick-Eze will sweeten the sourdest "inner man" by taking the short cut to where "something that didn't agree" hurts most. Whenever you notice a digestion in need of aid, it's up to you to make the friendly gesture—"Have a Quick-Eze." Keep a pack always at hand, ready for when the old tummy puts the acid on.

*"THE PACK'S AS PERFECT
 AS THE PRODUCT
 IT PROTECTS!"*



REACH FOR QUICK-EZE TO STOP THAT AFTER-MEAL DISCOMFORT

Sing Me a Love Song

Continued from page 7

BOB came to the phone and cried out: "Rip, my boy, everything under control?"

"Listen," I said. "It's all arranged. I take Serita this afternoon. Sallie goes with David. You and Terry move your bags over here. Mother wants you to stay with us. You two can go stag this afternoon"—I winced at a vicious kick on the shin—"provided you'll take my darling little sister," I added.

Mr. MacPherson's house stood on a bluff high above one of those lazy tidal rivers about ten miles from town. It was a wonderful place and the party should have been fun.

It wasn't much fun for me, though, because I had to sit there and watch Sallie do a job on David. She really did one. She handed him the oldest line in the world, and he swallowed it so completely that at first I suspected him of trying to make Serita jealous. But after a while I became convinced that he was loving it. It made my hackles rise to see him holding Sallie's hand under cover of the barbecue table.

The only consolation I had was the knowledge that Serita wasn't enjoying the performance any more than I was. In fact, she looked ready to claw Sallie's eyes out.

Finally, unable to watch any longer, I got up and went to look for Bob. I found him singing obsolete college ballads with Mr. MacPherson.

"Well," I said, when I got a fleeting opportunity, "Sallie's got him, all right. Where's Terry? Now's the time for him to start his comeback with Serita."

Bob looked around vaguely. "Terry? I dunno. That kid sister of yours brought us out here. He must be with her somewhere."

I couldn't find them anywhere, though. Stamping about in a fine state of exasperation, I came face to face with Sallie.

"Where's Terry?" I demanded. "Where's that diabolical sister of mine? Here I get the whole stage set and the chief actor walks out on me. What's going on around here, anyway?"

"They went for a ride," Sallie said. "Your diabolical sister wanted to show Terry a Georgia sunset."

"A sunset?" I practically yelled. "They can't do that. There's a rehearsal at the auditorium in less than half an hour. Where'd they go?"

"I don't know," Sallie said. "Do you want me to keep on with this enjoyable work of mine?"

"You might as well," I said gloomily. "Even without Terry, I think you'll wreck the David-Serita romance. In any case, see if you can lure Hardy into the auditorium by six o'clock. Then we'll be sure of having a tenor soloist, at least."

I went over to where Serita was sitting disconsolately. "Time to be going," I said. "We'll have to take Bob back with us, I think. His transportation seems to have disappeared."

Serita didn't say anything. She was rather pale and she kept staring at David. That individual, however, didn't even notice. He was too busy watching the house, waiting for Sallie to come out. His new conquest seemed to absorb him completely. As far as he was concerned, apparently, Serita didn't even exist.

Bob came up just then, and I explained about Terry's absence.

"Never mind," he said cheerfully. "He knows about the rehearsal. Let's get back to town; we haven't much time ourselves."

Sallie's little coupe bounced along merrily ahead of us as we drove to the city but we lost it in the traffic and when we came to the auditorium her car was already parked outside, empty. We climbed out, and Serita hurried inside ahead of us.

"Never saw her so anxious to get to rehearsal before," Bob commented. "She's wound up like an eight-day clock."

"She's jealous, if you must know," I said. "The lady really cares for our dashing David. A fine mess you've got us into with your schemes."

Now Serita probably won't be able to sing.

"Bah," said Bob, "you're a pessimist."

We had entered the auditorium and were walking peacefully down the centre aisle toward the stage when we heard it. It came from somewhere backstage, and it sounded like the mob scene from Julius Caesar. Bob and I cast one startled glance at each other and began to run. We vaulted on to the empty stage and sprinted through the wings. We couldn't have timed our arrival better.

Serita had Sallie backed up against a piece of scenery and was screaming at her. I didn't bother to distinguish all the words, but the general idea was that Sallie was a two-timing, man-stealing, no-good hussy. Sallie just stood there, her eyes wide, making no attempt to defend herself. Beyond them, looking as foolish as any man I ever saw, was David.

The idea of Serita's calling anybody such names—especially Sallie—was too much for me. I came up behind our little blonde canary and took her by the shoulders and removed her abruptly from Sallie's vicinity. I also told her, in loud tones, to shut up.

No doubt I was a little rough, but I didn't hurt the girl, and I was really amazed when David stalked over, looking perfectly furious.

"Take your big paws off Serita!" he yelled, and proceeded to land a haymaker right on my jaw.

It was quite a good punch, for a tenor, but it succeeded only in making me mad. I shook my head once or twice to clear it.

"Brother," I said, "you asked for this."

"Don't hit him, Rip!" cried Bob, hopping up and down and wringing his hands. "Don't hit him! You'll ruin his looks!"

That was precisely my intention, but even in the stress of the moment I could see Bob's point. After all, David was one of the club's chief box-office attractions. So for one second I hesitated. And before the second ended, it happened.

Outside on the empty stage of the auditorium arose the most joyful, the most uninhibited yodel ever heard. We all froze, like actors in a bad tableau. Before any of us could move, Terry appeared. His face was decorated with an Irish grin and on his arm, looking remarkably happy, was my diabolical little sister.

"Well," cried Terry, "what's everybody so grim about? If you ask me, this is the best town we've struck, so far! Yes, sir, the absolute best!" He beamed at us all.

"Yes," the Brat said, "he particularly likes our sunsets." She gave me a slow wink. "Boredom," she said, "no longer troubles me."

Bob was the first to recover his equilibrium. And when he has his equilibrium, Bob is a leader of men as well as glee clubs.

"Terry," he said, "onstage with you. We'll start this rehearsal with your numbers. . . . David, you seem to feel responsible for Serita's welfare; take her out and buy her some coffee or something. Rip"—he fixed me with a penetrating eye—"you stay here and explain to Miss Ballard that her—ah—services are no longer needed." He paused in the wings and looked back. "You might also express the gratitude of the club for services rendered."

While I stood there, relatively stunned, the Brat came up and put her arms around my neck. She bit me quite severely on the ear. "Thank you for Terry, you big ape," she whispered. "And be nice to Sallie. She's only loved you for six or seven years."

She disappeared, and Sallie and I were left alone. We looked at each other.

"Sallie," I said finally, "things have been in a highly unnatural state around here for some time. I can think of only one way to get them back to normal." I walked over to her. I kissed her. Her lips were sweet and warm, and she didn't exactly resist.

"Rip," she said, "isn't this a little sudden?"

I kissed her again. "It's an old glee-club custom," I said. It is, at that.



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Murder is Seldom Boring

Continued from page 10

THE room had a high ceiling, and there was a huge four-poster bed in the centre of it. The impression I had received from the reputation of Cornelia Whitman had been one of harshness and severity. The room was very feminine, I said, "Why, this is rather pretty."

"Isn't it?" He was behind me. I could feel his lips brush my hair gently. "My aunt was a sentimental old fool at heart." His hand moved smoothly along my arm.

My eyelids flickered. I was being treated, obviously, to a display of very impressive technique.

His lips were close to my ear. "You're lovely, you know," he murmured. He turned me to face him. His eyes were dreamy, half-closed. He drew me toward him. Half-hypnotised, I didn't resist. Then I saw her standing behind him—saw the knife. I screamed.

He jerked around. She lunged at him. He dodged and caught her wrist, twisting it. "You fool!" His eyes were blazing. "Have you gone crazy?"

Eve Dellacurti's face was ghastly. "You liar! You liar! I'll kill you, too!"

Raymond clapped a hand over her mouth. He turned, looking at me. He could see by the expression on my face that I'd heard. There was murder in his eyes. He released her and started after me. I shrank back.

"Hold it, Sykes!"

I looked over at the doorway. It was Jeff. There was a snug little automatic tucked in his right hand. He waved Raymond Sykes over to the woman standing in the corner. "This," he observed, "is a neat little haul. Sergeant Douglas will be pleased. Two arrests to make."

Raymond Sykes' handsome face had become ugly. "You haven't anything on me, you fool."

"Haven't I?" Jeff nodded at the white-faced woman standing next to him. "Do you think Eve will

hang alone after you tried to double-cross her?" He glanced at me. "Call Douglas, Pat. Tell him we bagged a pair."

"But I don't quite get it," I said in the taxi. I had met Jeff after his session in the inspector's office, and we were going night-clubbing to celebrate.

Jeff shrugged. "I suspected something phony when I saw the way Eve watched Raymond Sykes when he was with you. It looked more like jealous hate than envious hate. They really had a neat little plan."

"But Eve had everything to lose by murdering the old lady."

"That was what we were supposed to think. Raymond Sykes made a special trip to our office to give himself an alibi and Eve an ironclad one. What really happened was that Eve knew the old lady was planning to cut Raymond out of her will in favor of Cynthia because of his playing around. Eve was crazy about Raymond and told him. He offered to marry her after things quieted down if she'd put the old lady out of the way before she had time to change her will. Eve did. Raymond figured she'd never squawk for fear of being exposed as a murderess and was going to renege on his bargain. I put you after him to get Eve to explode and crack the case. There was only one thing to worry about."

"What was that?"

"You. I was a little afraid Eve would go after you rather than Raymond. But I had to take that chance."

I gulped. "You had to take it!"

He patted my hand, nodding. "You see how attached I am to you. I actually worry about you."

That man always irritates me to pieces.

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Informal camera studies of LEADING BRITISH STARS



PATRICIA ROC enjoys Italian sunshine while on location for the Two Cities musical, "One Night With You."



DAVID FARRAR autographs a copy of his book, "No Royal Road," for Greta Gynt, before she goes abroad.



ANNE CRAWFORD, who has a leading role in Rank Organisation drama, "The Master of Bankdam," studies script in comfort of her London flat during a week-end.



SALLY GRAY registers doubt over Eric Portman's enjoyment of a plate of oysters at Prunier's cafe in London. They will appear soon in "The Mark of Cain," a Rank release.



DAVID NIVEN practises archery in England before his return to Hollywood for RKO. During his English visit Niven played the title role in "Bonnie Prince Charlie" for Korda Films.



JEAN KENT laughs with rising film actor Bill Owen as they discuss her most recent picture, "Good Time Girl" (J. Arthur Rank).



SIR RALPH RICHARDSON, who is starring with Michele Morgan in "The Lost Illusion," lunches at studio with Vincent Korda (right).

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 12, 1948

Page 15

Again in **TWENTIES** as well as **TENS** . . . **BLACK & WHITE CIGARETTES** . . . guaranteed finest Virginia Leaf.

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The Australian Women's Weekly — June 12, 1945

How clothes for our Paris Parades were chosen

Royal visit formality and budget buying both considered in making selection

It was sheer joy to come back to Paris to choose models for our third Paris Fashion Parades and find not only a "new look," but also an entirely new outlook. To my delight I found the smart Frenchwoman no longer a slave to fashion.

The "new look" is so well established that the trend is to ignore any part of it that does not suit your figure. Instead of a regimented line I found a fluid, elegant, feminine line; and what I thought so charming about clothes is that they are becoming to all ages.

EVERY collection has those variations of the "new look" we have been led to expect.

The collection I am bringing with me shows the same proportion of full skirts, fluted petticoats, bustle backs, puffed sleeves, and classics. You will see that Paris fashions are more wearable than ever before, catering for every type and figure.

When selecting the clothes I have

had two things specially in mind.

As well as choosing clothes with an eye to the brilliant social season ahead when we entertain Royalty, I have paid particular attention to frocks the girl with a small dress allowance can buy.

For the Royal visit I have included elaborate gowns suitable for the most formal occasion.

To find out just what designs are most popular in the lower income group I have gone to large stores, dress shops, and manufacturers.

I have looked at hundreds of reproductions as well as seeing 4000 original models in the collections of the great dress houses.

I want the Australian girl to have exactly the same advantage as the French girl, who is able to buy a copy of a model at a reasonable price while the frock is still the height of fashion.

For £2 to £5 she should be able to buy a frock that is a copy of one of the models in the parades.

So the glamorous spectacle of French fashion has, this year, a very practical side to it.

And without losing any of their elegance I think I have managed to select frocks to suit everybody's taste and pocket.

There is one off-the-shoulder frock I have chosen because it uses a clever trick with elastic to show one cold shoulder or bare both.

The frock is from Mad Carpentier, whose genius with bias cut is unbelievable, until you see it and enjoy the comfort of cross-cut elegance.

I have another dress from Carpentier, in black-and-white check tie silk, with a fluted collar lined with white that rolls around the neck and gives the dress an Elizabethan look. Or the collar can be worn back, showing a deep décolletage.

Carven has a delightful series of teen-age dresses and makes clever use of spots and embroidery on linen.

From Worth

I have chosen a frock in black cotton for five o'clock wear. And you change to a longer skirt for the evening. Marcel Rochas does the "new look" so superbly

that it almost becomes his own special version. He has full skirts, petticoats of broderie Anglaise, rustling taffeta underskirts, minute waists, frills and jabots adorning almost every Victorian jacket—all charming.

White satin and sable trimmings from Lelong are a combination of elegance and distinction I have seen nothing to surpass. Worn with a deep diamond collar, it is the very height of regal fashion for a brilliant ball or reception.

But there is something new and repeatable from every house, and that has been the most gratifying part of getting our collection together.

And now for some news of the mid-season's collections.

These are showing at present, and I am making final selections from them to ensure having our fashions right up to the minute.

By



MARY HORDERN
Our Fashion Adviser

who is in Paris choosing clothes from midsummer collections for The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades. She has already chosen a large number of frocks from spring showings of the famous dress houses.

We are going to have an all-white season—chalk-white and off-white, and white in all its pristine loveliness.

And after all-white come ensembles with magpie effects. Black has been matched to white, and grey to white.

Grey was an important color in the spring collections, every one of which I saw at special showings. It has run on into midsummer clothes, and also combines, with lavender, turquoise, and caramel.

Grey seems to give a modesty to spectacularly sophisticated clothes that is probably the secret of its success this season.

All pink tones are popular—from faded rose to bright candy. They have ousted last year's popular mauve.

Yellow has come in strongly in shades from lemon to ochre. There are fewer prints this year; spots take first place, then small checks.

Soon there won't be a yard of black-and-white shepherd's plaid left in Paris.

Every collection has its complement of black-and-white small dog-tooth check frocks. It is smart, crisp, and fresh.



SPECTACULAR in its simplicity, this Lelong model, from our collection, depends on intricate pleating in the bodice to give it a moulded line. The shallow-crowned hat with uneven brim is made in coarse white straw by Jean Barthelemy.

It can be worn with white pique or black velvet ribbons, with rose-pink or with a froth of white muslin and lace.

Rochas does it with red and white muslin and Jean Deses with a black taffeta fluted collar.

Suits for afternoons, I found, featured back fullness or emphasised hips by puffed sleeves that fluted all round. Skirts were either straight, full, or with back fullness, sometimes even side fullness.

Hats in Paris are flat and perched forward. They are the romantic hats of the Impressionist painters.

They come in light transparent straw or a coarsely woven, toast-colored straw that lends itself to Renouveau roses.

Hats have influenced hair styles—or hair styles have influenced hats. With the forward-tilting hat, the hair has been dressed back in curls that are pinned up from the nape of the neck. Hair is much shorter and there are no unruly locks. The long, loose mane of the teen-agers is right out of date.

All hats go with a bang—which is curled sweetly on the forehead.

Switches and long hair are out. Ears are covered up. Curls are sometimes pinned on at the back to give a Dolly Varden look.

The first thing that impressed me when I arrived was that the average woman is better dressed. Because she no longer follows the dictates of fashion, the smart woman buys with an eye to the line that suits her, and ignores any part of it that does not.

If the longer hemline does not suit you, then ignore it and adopt a length that does.

If the new shoulder-line is too sloping, introduce a little padding. If your waist needs emphasis, then throw out your hips.

If your figure is large, then ignore the full-pleated skirts.

There is no longer any need to reconstruct your figure; just let it go its own natural way and you will be in the height of fashion as long as you keep the waistline slim.

The fashionable figure is the contour of a lovely woman.

And this year I would say, let fashion gently persuade but do not let it dominate. That is what Paris has taught me.



JEAN DESSES combines navy-blue fine woollen weave with white broderie Anglaise in an afternoon frock from our collection, which features the pegtop skirt. The line for this model was inspired by a vase. Maud Roser's white broderie Anglaise hat completes ensemble.



LELONG'S black-and-white dog-tooth check frock (left), with white pique yoke. It will be seen in our 1948 parades. Hat is by Maud Roser.



PAQUIN designed this hat and gown, which will be seen at our parades. Pleats in black crepe frock are lined with horsehair. It is worn over a caramel taffeta petticoat edged with black lace threaded with velvet. Black riching on bodice matches hat brim.

TEST FEVER AGAIN

THE new House of Commons is to have a floor of Australian walnut and walls of English oak. In this week of Test fever, it seems fitting to suggest the designers should provide somewhere for a halloved panel of willow.

The British Empire has plenty of worries on its hands just now, but for this week, anyway, thousands of its citizens will be losing sleep over the least of them—the cricket chances.

Australians will be banking their fires to sit up till the small hours listening for the smack of willow on leather 12,000 miles away.

Englishmen, on present indications, will be tossing on troubled pillows over the showing of their team.

It will all be a pleasant relief from the grim realities of rationing, dollar shortages, Palestine problems.

There have been the usual rumbles of complaint about trifles during this tour, and lovers of the game hope none of these will be allowed to develop into issues of proportions recalling the "body-line" battles.

They would rather see a sporting victory tossed away than won with even one justifiable complaint of poor sportsmanship.

The Australians appear to have excellent chances of winning.

May they bring home the Ashes then, and in doing so enhance their reputation for good manners.

WORTH Reporting

AN interesting parcel of seeds, including those of tea and coffee plants, the rubber tree, and the vine that produces the bathroom loofah, has just been received from Java by the Director of the Adelaide Botanical Gardens Mr. T. R. N. Lothian.

Reason for their importation is that Mr. Lothian feels a lot of people have no idea how the everyday commodities they use are produced or how they look in their native state.

The seeds will be added to the Economical Botanical Museum where, he hopes, people will be able to see them grow.

Interesting points we discovered from our talk with Mr. Lothian are that the tiny tea-flower is related to the camellia family, while the bathroom loofah grows on a vine and looks rather like a vegetable marrow.

When the marrow rots, the seeds fall out, leaving the fibrous structure that graces many bathroom shelves. But since the war began chemists have been unable to obtain supplies of the loofah.

Teak seeds, probably the first of their kind to be imported into South Australia, are also included in the consignment, and when partly grown they will be transplanted to the Palm House.

Teak was once widely used for furniture of all kinds, but its popularity has declined over the past 20 years with the appearance of the veneers.

Eye-catcher of the whole seed parcel will be those of the giant water-lily, whose flowers measure 14 inches across, with leaves from six to nine feet long. The flowers are white, but turn a brilliant crimson when placed under water for 24 hours.

Comments Mr. Lothian: "Shortly thereafter will be a great demand from overseas for our own native plants to renew stocks depleted during the war. Our gardeners have been saving up many of these seeds for export purposes."

Perfume maker

WORKING for a firm manufacturing luxury perfumes might sound a delightful job, but according to visiting English perfumer Anthony Brydon-Brown it is not the place for employees suffering from queasy stomachs.

Although lavender and jasmine are still basic ingredients of all good perfumes, it is also necessary in blending most fragrant perfumes to use muskroom and civet cat oils and the latter has, says Mr. Brydon-Brown, "an atrocious odor."

"Civet oil comes from the ferocious civet cat of Abyssinia, and our employees always draw lots to decide who will have the unenviable job of opening the oil and blending it with other ingredients," he said.

Mr. Brydon-Brown represents a young firm which is making England's first competitive world market bid in manufacture of luxury perfumes equal to the French.

Though perfume is one of the oldest of feminine arts, he feels that many women still do not know how to use it correctly. "There is only one way of using perfume: it must be worn on a tiny pad of cotton-wool tucked inside the frock," he said.

This is also an economical way. Besides the warmth of the body enhancing its fragrance, even the most temperamental woman can keep in harmony with their mood of the moment by simply changing the sachet.

HAZEL



"A ten-pound bonus! Well, well, well, you are lucky, a maid only six months and a ten-pound bonus! A ten-pound bonus! A ten..."

Public-speaking club

MEMBERS of Sydney's Phoenix Club, all women, met recently at a city restaurant to dine, debate, and break the great news that two world-famous women had consented to become honorary members of their club.

The two women are deaf and blind American author Helen Keller and her equally famous companion, Polly Thompson.

The Phoenix Club, first started by its president, Mrs. Olive Moore, has been meeting for several years now at luncheons and dinners for the purpose of practising public speaking.

Each woman has to take her turn at speaking, and members who once used to jitter and quake at the mere suggestion of making a speech now stand up and expound with all the assurance of parliamentarians.

The night we dined and listened to the eloquence of Phoenix Club members they were speaking on the subject, "Should One Speak to Strangers?"

General opinion was "yes—we should," even the men guests who were present at the dinner agreeing. This was partly due to the persuasive arguments of a Chilean-born member of the club, who confided that she spoke to a stranger in Chile, who ultimately became her husband—Australian Mr. J. B. Farrell.

Sydney's oldest-established club to train women in public speaking is the Penguin Club of Australia, founded 10 years ago by its president, Mrs. M. Jean Ellis, of Potts Point. It has branches in Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth, and recently held its first Melbourne convention, attended by leading women's organizations.

Sydney membership exceeds 100, and there are five discussion groups, meeting twice a month to debate on selected subjects.

Guessing game

A RETIRING young friend of ours not given to exaggeration reports this extraordinary conversation she had with a woman sitting next to her on a city-bound bus.

The woman: My word it's cold, isn't it? But then I'm wearing a very good coat. Guess how much it cost?

Our friend (appalled): Oh, I couldn't possibly.

The woman: It cost ten shillings. I bought it at Army Disposals. And look at my hat—what'd you think that cost?

Our friend: Er—about £1.

The woman (laughing madly): Wrong again, love. Cost me a shilling. I always wait till the end of the season and then buy chuck-outs round the shops.

Our friend (faintly): What a good idea.

The woman: Of course, I won't ask you to guess about my gloves. They were two bob at the Lost Property Office. You should try it if you want something cheap.

Versatile cotton

HOME-PRODUCED cotton has become such a popular fashion fabric in England over the past three years that it is now being featured in everything from suits to evening wear, and is warm enough to wear all the year round, we learnt from visiting Cheshire cotton factory manager Mrs. M. Hulme.

Mrs. Hulme, who has worked for 42 years with Horrocks Ltd., cotton and fashion garment manufacturers, has come to Australia with Miss Nellie Sharp to establish the firm's first overseas factory, at Bathurst, where cotton day and evening wear will be made.

"Leading designers are making up cotton in the latest shades and patterns, which were once used only for silks. They can also now be made shrinkproof and crushproof, and have been found as fresh in three years' time as they were when bought," Mrs. Hulme said.

New shades which Sydney will see when the factory starts production are sun and peach-pink; both very popular for day frocks, and the latest tonings of tan, grey, and olive-green, used in elegant cotton cocktail frocks and evening wear.

"We will be featuring mainly new full skirts, because cotton hangs best of all materials in the new styles," Miss Sharp told us. "Many of the styles have 'Easy Iron' sleeves, which open right out for ironing."

Both these women cotton experts have been in the industry all their lives.

"Workers in our cotton fashion factory are now just as interested in new styles they are making as we are," Miss Sharp said. "Each girl works on the one garment from start to finish, and takes a pride in the finished job."

They also attend their own fashion parade at the beginning of a season, and see the styles on which they will be working."

East meets West

A NEW twist to Eastern needlework, giving the art a Western slant, has been discovered by Mrs. S. C. P. Amery, of Reade Park, Adelaide, who spent 22 years at Hong-kong.

Taking as her subject colored photographs of the Royal Family, film stars, and models, she copies them on to cloth with colored silks, embroidering eyes, eyebrows, and lips, but leaving the skin tones free.

These are tinted with pastels in the approved oriental fashion, giving a depth and gleam which ordinary needlework cannot attain.

One of her most successful designs was copied from the color photograph of the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.

A MELBOURNE dry-cleaning firm has added a Chinese flavor to its city depot to pep up efficiency of customers.

Over the counter hangs a scroll, inscribed: "Confucius say... Honorable customer with lost docket very unpopular with humble sales staff."

Story groups

A CHILDREN'S corner has been a feature of most of the modern libraries throughout Britain, but the librarians of St. Pancras, in north-west London, have developed a new plan to make these corners more interesting.

To combat the impersonal atmosphere of the section where children of all ages choose their books, the library has arranged "story circles," at which girl students will read aloud to youngsters at stated hours. They feel this will prevent children from feeling that no one is interested in their reading and that libraries are only for adults.

Says one of these girl students: "Children's tastes in books alter very little, and this generation is reading much of what I read—tales of adventure, historical stories, Kipling's 'Just So Stories,' and school tales. It will be great fun reading to them."

IT SEEMS TO ME

By Jessie Boyd,

in the absence of Dorothy Drain, who is on holidays.

TO discover if corsets are responsible for causing gastric ulcers, the University of Illinois has purchased 40 monkeys for research.

The monkeys will be fitted with corsets and kept in them for various periods. They will then be examined to see if they have contracted ulcers.

But will the monkeys have to keep house, feed and clothe a family, struggle with home finance, do the washing and shopping, sprint for the bus, and hold down a 40-hour job in an office, shop, or factory as well?

AN air-minded sheik was so impressed by the hostess of a plane in which he travelled that he asked the captain to sell her to him for his harem.

Regarding the officer as "Jord and master" of the crew, he offered him "two fine camels," and when these were refused he thought he recognised a bargainer and added a "beautiful fat pig."

I wonder if that is the fixed price, or black-market?

Anyway, the sheik had to disembark without the hostess.

MERINO sheep were first imported into this country 150 years ago. An indirect tribute to these woolly supporters of Australian economy was made when a former shearer, now a hairdresser in Melbourne, introduced merino curls for feminine coiffures.

But could he dress up mutton as lamb?

RECENTLY Percy the Pelican made news headlines in England. He escaped from Whipsnade Zoo by flying out.

Translated into modern terms the escapade was described as "going into a take-off run and becoming airborne."

Modern wonders were at once invoked. The countryside was placed on the alert by a wireless flash repeated at intervals, police cars dashed about, kept in touch by radio, rocket-propelled bird-nets were tried, and so were pig-nets (when Percy was feeding), and he eluded the lot.

But he was careful not to let anyone within ten yards of him.

Afraid of salt on his tail, I suppose.

A SUSSEX parson has asked his parishioners to plant acorns during walks. He quotes the old saying that an oak tree is "three hundred years a-growing, three hundred years a-living, and three hundred years a-dying."

If the acorns into oak trees grow, that will be 900 years of pleasure for others, according to the minister.

It is refreshing to read of someone who thinks the human race will survive for another 900 years and still be able to appreciate oak trees.

PILOTS will lie on their stomachs to guide American supersonic fighter planes. It has been announced that this position is preferred because there is less chance of the pilot blacking-out during manoeuvres at high speed.

If fighter pilots lay down to fly, And warships moved on a beam, With atom rockets ablaze in the sky, How simplified war would seem.

But maybe that's a delusion, And in pushbutton wars there'd be Even more of the old confusion, Even more armchair strategy.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"There's a member of the wildcat patrol ahead of us on this trail—or else it's just a wildcat!"



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht *Argos* is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to Tago Isle. Natives tell them the island is ruled by an old woman known as

THE WITCH OF TAGO: Who can change her shape and fly through the air like a bird. They set out for her house on the highest island peak, when they see a witch's figure floating through the air on a broomstick. Mystified, they knock on the door of her house. A second later the witch opens the door. **NOW READ ON:**



THE WITCH APPEARS BEFORE THEM IN THE DOORWAY OF HER MOUNTAIN-TOP ABODE. "CAME TO SEE ME, DID YOU? I DON'T LIKE VISITORS," SHE CROAKS, AND HER HAND TOUCHES A LEVER—



AND A SECTION OF THE PAVING IN FRONT OF THE WITCH'S ABODE SUDDENLY YAWNS BENEATH THEIR FEET —



THE FALL IS SHORT. THEY LAND, UNHARMED, IN AN UNDERGROUND CHAMBER—"SUCH HOSPITALITY," MURMURS MANDRAKE. BUT ALL WONDER, WHAT HAVE THEY GOT INTO?



THE WITCH SURVEYS THEM THROUGH THE BARRED DOOR. "LOOK," CRIES BARTON. "SHE'S WEARING A FLAME PEARL!"—THE WITCH CACKLES. "CAME TO ROB ME, DID YOU? FOOLS! ONE OF YOU DROPPED YOUR HAT. I'LL KEEP IT AS A SOUVENIR."



"FOOLS!" CONTINUES THE WITCH. "DARING TO OPPOSE ME! ME! WATCH CLOSELY. THE WITCH OF TAGO HAS A THOUSAND SHAPES!—AND SHE SHUFFLES SLOWLY BEHIND A CURTAIN. . . ."



AND A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, EMERGES FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAIN—INCREDIBLY CHANGED. YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL! "YOU SEE!" SHE SAYS IN A RICH, FULL VOICE. "MY ENCHANTED CURTAIN! AND THAT IS NOT ALL!"



— AND A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, STEPS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ENCHANTED CURTAIN, NOW A PRETTY CHILD!



"THIS IS MY MOST FAMOUS ENCHANTMENT," SAYS THE GIRL IN A SWEET, CHILDISH VOICE. "YOU HAVE SEEN ME AS AN OLD WOMAN, AS A YOUNG WOMAN AND AS A CHILD. AND NOW—I RETURN BEHIND THE ENCHANTED CURTAIN—"

TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

★★ Stallion Road

INTEREST in a film starts to slip away when the action becomes stifled by a lot of heavy discussion.

Authors who collaborate in the screen adaptation of their own books often fall into the error of thinking that what reads well will sound equally effective.

In the production of Warner's romantic drama, "Stallion Road," writer Stephen Longstreet gives us a film version of his novel.

The result is that his modern semi-Western, which has an unusual and effective background, becomes the medium for a lot of smugly expressed opinions which prove liabilities and not assets.

I like the cast of "Stallion Road." Alexis Smith, who more often than not has a sophisticated role of the drawing-room variety, is shown here as a healthy, outdoor type of girl who runs her own horse-breeding farm near the coast of California.

With her is Ronald Reagan, whom I have not seen since his prewar films. Always a likeable type, Ronald does very well with the part of a veterinary surgeon.

To complete a trip of general competence there is Zachary Scott. Usually the swarthy, suave Zachary is the villain of the piece, but this time he is a wolf with a tender heart.

Discovering early that quite a large slice of space was going to be allotted to the pipings of a small girl called Patti Brady, I was prepared to get a teeth-on-edge reaction.

My apologies to Patti, because she sails through her part as Alexis Smith's sister with such smoothness.

If the adult players were not asked to be quite so intense they would be acceptable, but no one could find fault with the performances of the many thoroughbred horses which are necessary to the plot.

The film is at the Mayfair.

★★ Call Northside 777

MANY times I have wondered over the exaggerated presentation of the film journalist.

Ever since the days of the famous "Front Page" newspaper drama, most journalists have been depicted as spending 50 per cent. of their time in the nearest hotel, and the rest with their hats on and their feet up on the office desk.

They swap cynicisms with philosophical bartenders, leer at office blondes, and fight interminably with editors before turning in superb scoop stories with apparently little effort.

From 15 years of newspaper office experience, I can report that the majority of my men colleagues reserve the beer and the feet on the mantelpiece routine for after-office hours.

I don't doubt the roving eye at a pretty girl, but hurling insults at editors isn't the custom, and the scoop story usually is the result of hard work.

Because Fox goes to some trouble to present its journalist leading character in "Call Northside 777" as a normal, hard-working, intelligent man, I regret all the more that James Stewart's mannered acting spoils much of the effect.

Handled in the currently popular realistic method, the film shows fine shots of Chicago city police at work, and a newspaper office in a story based on fact.

Lee J. Cobb as a city editor is thoroughly believable, but I wish Stewart's role had been in the hands of some other actor, such as Robert Montgomery, Robert Young, or Robert Mitchum.

It would have been such a relief to see for once a more true to life portrayal of a staff journalist.

The film is at the Plam.

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Test team one of happiest ever to tour England



DON BRADMAN drives off from the first tee, while autograph-hunters watch. The Australian team turns out in force for golf on Sundays whenever possible.

On last trip as captain, Bradman is diplomatic, lighthearted

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Australia's cricketers meet England this week in the first Test match played in England for a decade.

Test fever began early this year and had reached a virulent stage long before the Australian team landed at Southampton.

NOW there is hardly a fisherman off Land's End or a crofter in John O'Groats who does not know the names and the particular legends that go with every one of the Australian seventeen.

In the decade since an official Australian team has been to England, absence has made the country's great cricketing heart grow even fonder.

From burly, smiling Keith Johnson, manager and "daddy" of the team, down to Neil Harvey, "baby" of the side and already an idol of the crowd, the whole team has been deluged with offers of hospitality, fan mail, telegrams of greeting, pleas for autographs, even gifts of handkerchiefs and ties.

This side is one of the happiest ever to sail from Australia.

Don Bradman is evidently determined that none of the misunderstandings which have cast an occasional shadow here and there over other tours will mar this, his last Test tour and final chapter in his magnificent cricket career.

There is something of the poise and dignity of the ambassador in the grave way he is taking his official duties as Test captain.

Some of his strokemaking in the field of diplomacy has at least equalled his cricket form.

At the outset he broadcast in a speech an appeal that the tour be one of friendship and goodwill, free from incidents and sensations.

But despite his ambassadorial air, English cricket fans say they are seeing a much less grim, much more

lighthearted Don than they saw before the war.

Over the microphone he has shone and sparkled more brightly than many professional wits.

If Don Bradman arrives home sprouting wings or if Ray Lindwall's family complains that his bowling hand has turned into a fish flipper it would not be surprising. It will be because the staple diet of Australia's touring Test cricketers is fish and chicken.

Poultry, normally a delicacy, is, in rationed England, the first-class hotelier's great standby. So much so that one of the Australians



DOUG RING, young Victorian all-rounder, straps on his pads before a practice hit at Lords.



RAY LINDWALL gets out of a bunker during a golf match.



LINDSAY HASSETT, vice-captain, skies a ball from Jackson and is caught by R. E. S. Wyatt in match against Worcestershire.

said, "I shall never look another Christmas dinner in the face."

The Australian Test side is living entirely on English rations. In a country where many visiting sportsmen come armed with several square yards of steak and gallons of fruit juice, this point has been noticed and appreciated.

One of the first things Don Bradman did when he arrived in London was to pay a visit to Britain's Food Minister, John Strachey, and hand over 200 cases of food for distribution to the needy.

He wisecracked: "Maybe that will make up for what we eat while we're here."

After the first rush of official dinners the Aussies have been playing their way through a programme so tight that they have little time to

accept offers of hospitality which besiege them on every side.

Manager Keith Johnson told me: "In every town we come to there are more invitations than we can possibly hope to accept."

"Except in very special cases I make no guarantee that we can turn up to this or that function unless it is something official."

"I leave it to the boys. They have little enough time off from cricket, and I don't believe in arranging it for them."

What do "the boys" do with their precious spare time?

Most, equipped like ordinary tourists with cameras and enormous curiosity, have sidestepped the social whirl that would be theirs for the asking in order to rubberneck around England's old historical spots.

Apart from Bradman, vice-captain Lindsay Hassett, with the 1938 tour and a trip to England in the Army to his credit, is the most seasoned tourist.

"Arthur Morris and I stayed behind in Cambridge when the team went on to play Essex," he told me.

"We stayed at a lovely old inn 20 miles out in the country."

"But next time I get three days off from a match I want to make a quick visit to Paris. I think most of us want to do that if we can, but in two trips over here I so far have not been able to manage it."

Main preoccupation of Sid Barnes is how often he can manage to see his Scots wife Allison, for wives are not allowed to travel with the team.

Already Barnes has managed one trip to Scotland, where she has been staying. He had so little time to get back he was caught for speeding.

When he explained who he was, the speed cops turned into an escort and cleared the way to London for him.

Ian Johnson, incredibly tanned in comparison with the pale English faces all about him, told me, "Al-

ready I've had three days off, and spent it in London sneaking round Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, and all the places one is supposed to see, and taking potshots with my camera for the family album."

Doug Ring, Victoria's blond, ruddy-faced all-rounder, said: "The weather has been so glorious that instead of taking the train we have been rolling from place to place through the countryside in a charabanc."

"I've never seen anything like the green of the English countryside or the way the rivers run right beside the road."

On Sundays, the team, from rabbits to near professionals, goes out in force to play golf. Bradman, Barnes, Loxton, and Hassett are the stars.

The rest keep their form a tight secret.

In each English town word soon gets around which hotel the players are staying at.

After the day's play there is soon a vast semi-circle of fans waiting on tiptoe several dozens deep for one glimpse of the players.

On several occasions so great has been the press of autograph-hunters that the cricketers have had to appeal for police protection.

Huge fan mail

BUT once they have escaped from the hotel they are comparatively safe, for, apart from small boys—the most alert and best-informed of England's huge cricket public—few detect their green-and-gold striped ties, and they are free to slip along to the local pictures as they do at home.

To each man there comes an average of 80 fan letters a day—except to Don Bradman. His total is nearer 600.

It has been taking Bradman and a secretary two hours a day to cope with his mail.

The fact that rationing prevents their being invited out in numbers, that they move from town to town every three days, and prefer to spend their time sightseeing and making their own friends, makes entertaining the team a hostess's despair.

And since they have agreed not to give interviews, the team's shyness has also made them the despair of the English Press and lent them an air of mystery, such as would surround a flock of travelling clams.

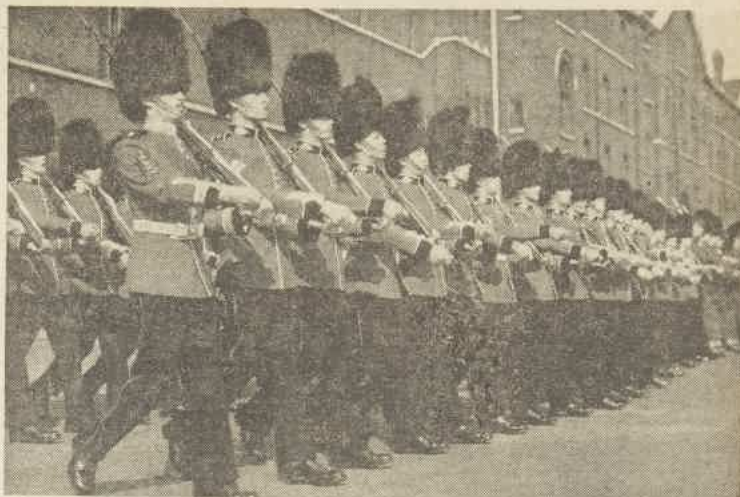
But despite their excessive modesty and the humility of the English people about the sort of English team which will oppose them this year, the appearance of the Aussies on a Test tour is making for goodwill in the Old Country as nothing has done since before the war.



INSPECTING BATS. R. A. Hamence, Colin McCool, and R. Sangers buy equipment for use during the tour.

FULL DRESS PARADE FOR KING'S BIRTHDAY

Guards wear scarlet again



FULL DRESS parade by the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards provides a brilliant scene at Chelsea Barracks, London.



TENDER brushing of bearskin is part of general sprucing up for Guards' ceremony.



PLUMES are put into bearskin helmets by Quartermaster P. W. Robinson, Coldstream Guards, ready for ceremonial occasions when famous Coldstream Guards parade.



NEWLY BLANCOED buff belt is hung on the communal line by Guards corporal. Uniforms are so scarce that Welsh Guards have only 300 for 1000 men, so must draw on pool.

By the King's command, another piece of wartime drabness disappears from London this week when the Trooping of the Color ceremony takes place, with the Guards wearing their scarlet tunics and bearskins for the first time since the outbreak of war.

The King chose his official birthday, June 16, for the return of this spectacle, dearly beloved of Londoners, and a dollar-earning tourist attraction.

It would have cost £80,000 to re-equip the Guards in their full ceremonial dress. Officers' uniforms would have cost them £500, compared with £260 before the war.

But the King forbade this expenditure, and instead a uniform pool has been formed. Hand-me-downs belonging to prewar Guardsmen have been shaken out of their mothballs at Chelsea Barracks.

As the Guardsmen to-day are on the average an inch taller than before the war, most of the uniforms have had to be altered.

This keeps a team of tailors working constantly, and in addition they have to switch badges and distinguishing marks of the different brigades each time uniforms are worn.

Even in shorter supply than the uniforms are the bearskins. These are made from the fur of the North American black bear, and as he lives in a dollar area no new ones can be procured.

The pooling system and generosity of former Guardsmen have overcome all the obstacles, and the Trooping ceremony will have all its prewar splendor.



CLOSE SCRUTINY of bandsman's resplendent uniform is made by Guards captain before rehearsal. Uniforms are returned to uniform pool after each parade.

THE front door opened, and a man in uniform, carrying a bag of golf clubs, came through. Jock snatched up the handkerchief and limped in front of the officer, laid the handkerchief deliberately at his feet, looked up at him and whined.

The man said, "Hello, what's this?" He bent and picked up the handkerchief. He spoke to the dog a man plainly of great sense. "This is blood, old fellow. Are you trying to tell me something?"

Jock barked sharply. "An accident. Go ahead." Jock turned from him and tottered down the verandah steps, looking back over his shoulder. The man followed. So Jock led him to the charred embers of the little plane, and to the body of the boy lying there dead.

It was a lengthy business to determine what had happened. The owner of the plane was found. Jock's identity was established—the collie dog who belonged to Mrs. Jackson, the famous concert pianist, and to young Hank Jackson, since Major Jackson had died over Germany.

Young Hank's body was taken to his home and no one noticed that Jock was gravely hurt.

The officer who had trusted and followed him was the one to speak of this. He stayed a little at the Jackson house, feeling that he was in a way a part of things and he saw Jock lying under Helen Jackson's grand piano, licking his crushed leg. The officer leaned down to him.

"You must have been in the crash, too, pal. A kid who wanted to fly. Let's see what's wrong with you."

So he discovered Jock's great damage and spoke of it to servants in the house, since the boy's mother was in a state of complete collapse.

A veterinarian was called. Jock's leg set in splints, his head was treated and bandaged. Whereupon the officer went away having done all he could. Jock limped to Hank's old room and lay there with his chin across a pair of the boy's scuffed shoes.

Helen Jackson lay in bed. A nurse tiptoed round the room and a doctor came. He shook his head at the nurse.

"There is nothing I can do for her. Keep her quiet with sedatives. We can only hope she comes out of it—well, sane." He turned at

Continuing . . . Mountain Prelude

from page 9

the door. "Have you found out anything? I haven't been able to locate any relatives."

"No, doctor. The servants are sure she had no family. Only the little boy. I suppose that's why it's so hard for her."

The world before Helen Jackson's half-closed, unseeing eyes was a strange one. It was made up of mist and clouds, and planes flew through them.

She moaned. The nurse moved to her, took her pulse and gave her a hypodermic injection.

She struggled to sit up in bed and gave a cry of agony. In young Hank's room, Jock heard it and lifted his head. He looked at the boy's shoe, took it gently in his mouth and limped with it to her room.

The nurse was wiping her wet forehead and offering her something in a glass of water. Neither was aware of Jock until he raised himself painfully to the side of the bed and dropped the boy's worn shoe beside her. She stared at it, she stared at Jock.

She put her hand to her mouth, but could not stop her scream. "Get out! You lived through it! Go away!"

Jock looked at her in misery. He took the shoe in his mouth again and turned away. He hobbled back to the boy's room, back to the clothes closet, eased the shoe to the floor and lay down with his chin on it once more.

Doctor Parker said to Helen Jackson. "You're perfectly well physically. I want you to get up to-day. There's no reason why you can't go about your normal activities."

She said coldly, "Normal?"

"I know. Just now you feel that life can never be normal again. But you're a young woman. I've heard two of your concerts and some of your own compositions. You have a great musical gift."

She turned her head aside wearily. He persisted. "You're not the only woman to whom tragedy has come. Other women face it."

She looked at him squarely. "Believe me, Doctor Parker, I'm not being morbid. It's something I can't help. I'm just—"

"Frozen," he said. "I understand perfectly. You feel that you can't bear any sort of human contact. Is that true?"

She nodded. She whispered, "Especially children. I'm afraid of

what I may do the first time I see a woman with a boy—a boy about twelve."

He touched her hand, but spoke briskly. "All right, now get up." At the door he turned.

"Oh, I took the splints off Jock's leg this morning. It'll be stiff for a time, but it's healed nicely. He's a good as new. Except"—he peered over his glasses—"he doesn't think he has anything to live for, either." He closed the door behind him and was gone.

Helen stepped listlessly from bed and drew on a negligee. She was unready for a moment and the nurse supported her. She walked a few steps up and down the room. She turned and paced firmly to the door and opened it.

"Jock!" Keeping his lonely vigil in young Hank's room, Jock heard, cocked his ears, and did not stir.

She called again, sharply: "Jock! Come here!"

He moved reluctantly and went slowly to her, his leg aching a little. He would obey orders, even hers, but his unwillingness was plain in his averted eyes, his drooped head.

She said, "I'm sorry, Jock. You'll have to put up with me."

He watched her face, seeking something then looked away. "I know. You've lost everything, too. But you're only a dog, Jock, and you can't really understand. Come into my room." She held open the door in a welcoming gesture. "Come on, Jock."

He had asked for bread and she had given him a stone. He turned away from her. Pace by pace, limping, he went away, ignored her, ignored both her order and her harsh overtures, and returned to the boy's room. He lay down with the old shoe once again.

Helen was angry. She said: "He used to accept me. Just because I belonged to his man, I suppose. And to his boy." She twisted her hands together. "Not his boy! He was my boy! Mine!"

Your Coupons

TEA: 12-25 (12-25 expires June 12, when 25-32 become available).
BUTTER: 19-21 (expires June 12, when 22-24 become available).
MEAT: 22-24 (expires June 12, when 25-27 become available).
CLOTHING: 1-56 (1947), 1-56 (1948).

D. R. PARKER

arrived. He said, "Looks like a trip. Good idea. Where are you going?"

"Somewhere. Anywhere."

"Fine. The more you see of the world, the better."

"I'm not interested in the world. It's only that I can't stand it here."

Helen rang for her housekeeper. "Mrs. Wilson, I want you to close the house. My attorney will give you cheques for everyone. An extra month's wages. I don't know when I'll be."

"Home, ma'am?"

"It can't ever be home again, Mrs. Wilson. I mean, I don't know when I'll return. And please have Gillis bring the roadster to the door."

"Oh, I'm so glad he'll be driving you, ma'am."

"I am driving myself."

"Please, I'll not feel right, you driving in the mind you're in."

Helen spoke sharply: "That is my affair!"

At the door she turned back and laid her gloved hands on the woman's shoulders.

"I'm sorry. I do thank you for everything."

Slow tears rolled down the woman's furrowed cheeks. "Oh, ma'am, my heart breaks for you, but there's a deal more to life than you're making of it."

Doctor Parker held out his hand to Helen at the door. He said gently, "Have you forgotten your family?"

She drew in her breath. "Really, Doctor Parker!"

"Well, look behind you."

Jock's instinct had called him. Change was impending, possible dangerous change, something worse, if possible, than the present. He had come into the room. The luggage by the door meant movement to him as surely as to a human being.

Helen said, "Oh, Jock! I did forget you."

Doctor Parker said, "Are you turning him off with the servants, with an extra month's pay?"

She drew a hand across her eyes. "Sometimes I think I may be almost crazy. Of course I'll take him with me. His men—"

"Would despise you for deserting him. Isn't that it?"

"Yes."

"You may learn a great deal from Jock."

She turned to the dog. She said softly, "Come, Jock. It's you and I together."

Please turn to page 28

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COMMITTEE FOR JUNE BALL. Mrs. Roy Eaton, Ruth Arnold, and Mrs. Bob Warren, members of Junior Social Committee for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children, are working for success of June Ball, to be held at Romano's on June 15.



RECEIVED M.A. DEGREE. Mrs. Harold Beasley with her husband at Sydney University after she had received her M.A. degree with honors in anthropology. Pam is daughter of Dr. Robert Nixon, of Petersham.



SHEEP WEEK. Peter Hudson, of Baan Baa, Fay Plaflo, Sub-Lieut. Dick Rust, and Shirley Grey at Food for Babies Fund dance at Prince's. Life-size papier-mache sheep were motif of decorations, and Fay is holding lambkin "lamb," which was also used as part of decor.



CELEBRATION LUNCHEON. Beris Arnott lunches with Pat Roach at Prince's in celebration of announcement of Beris' engagement to Henry Read Horn. Beris is elder daughter of Professor and Mrs. A. J. Arnott, of Point Piper, and Henry is youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Horn, of Double Bay.



BEARDED ACTOR Bill Mann with Squadron-Leader Eric Mogensen and his daughter, Wilga Mogensen, at the Air Force Week celebration party at Bradfield Park. Bill gave his beard for his part in the Independent Theatre School production of "The Brontes of Haworth."

Intimate Gossipings

GREAT pooling of petrol coming on all over country so that polo enthusiasts can join forces and make trek to Forbes, where Countess of Dudley Cup will be held for first time.

Decision to play at Forbes is brought about by Kyeemagh ground—Sydney's polo field—being taken over as part of new air base.

Hotel accommodation in Forbes and neighboring town of Parkes booked out by players and their wives and "lookers-on."

Carnival will be four-day affair, commencing on June 23, and concluding on June 26 with a gala Dudley Cup Ball at Forbes Town Hall.

Polo players have been practising in their local towns for weeks past, and Mudgee's three-day carnival, commencing this Thursday, literally starts ball rolling for polo this year.

Teams competing for prized Cup will include Forbes County, Cudal, Boodawa River, Dungog, Goulburn, Narromine, Wellington, Mudgee.

Lunch and afternoon tea will be served each day at showground, and each night a "beerbust" supper, and dance will be held in the town.

SUN shines with unusual winter warmth for sailing of London-bound Stratheden, and decks and cabins are gay with friends farewelling passengers. When streamers snap as ship sails, many people on wharf promptly board two waiting ferries and follow ship down the Harbor.

Look in on Bill and Daisy Hill's cabin, and find it bright with orchids, fruit, friends, and Daisy attractively clad in a grey tailored suit, matching hat, and corsage of pink roses. After Bill has given fair attention to his overseas wool interests, the Hills will tour Europe.



SMILING BRIDE. Mrs. Stewart Hunter leaves St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, on arm of her husband after their marriage. Bride formerly Gwyneth Lewis, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cardiff Lewis, of Bellevue Hill.



AIR FORCE AND ARMY CHIEFS and their wives chat together at party in the Officers' Mess at Bradfield Park. From left: Air Vice-Marshal Bladin, Mrs. F. H. Berryman, Mrs. Bladin, and Lieutenant-General Berryman.



ROYAL CANBERRA GOLF CLUB associates Mrs. Frank Jeffery, Mrs. Norman Parbery, Mary Horen, and Mrs. Keith Smith photographed returning from a morning foursome on the Canberra links.

WELCOME sight of huge log fire greets guests at party given by the W. S. McDermotts, of Bellevue Hill, when they entertain at Sunday night buffet cocktail party in honor of "Mac's" birthday. Occasion is also one for Mrs. McDermott to say "good-bye" to some of her Sydney friends, as she sails with Mrs. George Rickards on the Strathaird at end of month for six months' holiday in England and on the Continent. Among 50 guests at party, glimpse Mrs. Rickards and her husband, Sir Ben and Lady Fuller, the Jack Cassidys, Mr. and Mrs. Len Robb, the Ray Hetheringtons, and Mr. Edwin McCarthy, of Canberra. Former Minister to China and now Vice-Chancellor of National University, Professor Douglas Copland, and Mrs. Copland arrive at party with Mrs. Athol Tier.

AIRMAN Peter Gibbs and charming American bride, Virginia, have joined the ranks of many couples hunting for a flat. Virginia tells me she loves Australia and is having a wonderful time "gadding." Lots of parties for Peter to introduce his bride . . . Ben Arnott, with whom couple are staying, has friends in for drinks, and Ewart and Helen Brisbane also give party at their Point Piper home for couple. Virginia looked charming when I saw her lunching at Romano's with Peter's mother, Mrs. M. Cato.

AFTER gay time in Melbourne, Betty Flemming is back in her Darling Point flat while husband Claude is still "wowing" them in role of Buffalo Bill in "Annie Get Your Gun," which is now playing in Adelaide. Betty, incidentally, has quite recovered from injuries she received when a St. Bernard dog attacked her a few months ago.

THIS Tuesday chosen by Adele Burnstein and Dr. Victor Bear for their wedding at Great Synagogue. Adele, who has just completed final year in architecture at Sydney University, is younger daughter of the R. Burnsteins, of Point Piper. Couple are off to England early in September, where Victor will do post-graduate work.

RECEPTION at Australia Hotel follows wedding at St. Philip's, Church Hill, of Myra Millard and Cliff Wilkinson. Myra and Cliff are among lucky ones, as Myra's mother, Mrs. R. E. Millard, of Mosman, has turned her home into two flats, and couple will occupy one of them when they return to Sydney from honeymoon spent in Brisbane and then Barrier Reef. Cliff is the only son of the A. C. Wilkinsons, of Strathfield.

LOVELY gown of French hand-tufted silver thread moire taffeta worn by Joan MacPhee for her marriage at Mary Immaculate Church, Waverley, to Dr. Harold Tindale. Bride is only daughter of Mr. Alexander MacPhee, of Mosman, and the late Mrs. MacPhee, and Harold is second son of Mrs. Tindale, of Darling Point, and late Mr. Fred Tindale. Harold recently returned to Sydney from Alsano, New Guinea, where he is with the Franciscan Mission working for his diploma in tropical medicine. He will return there in August.

BRIEFLY: Ev Crossing moves into Professor Roberts' home at Point Piper when he leaves for England in Stratheden . . . Castlereagh Street full of country folk down for Sheep Week. See Joan and Bill Hardy of Bundella Park, Bundella, the Arthur Dunlops, of Clifdale, Currumbulla, and Mrs. T. N. Macfarlane, of Cullinragal, Merriwa, within space of few seconds outside Australia . . . Mrs. N. C. Easterbrook treks off to Dubbo for wedding of her sister, Dorcas Bruderlin, and Pat Fitzhardinge . . . Motoring to Melbourne via Canberra are newlyweds Bill and Nolle Boyle—Nelle is daughter of the H. C. Herrons, of Rockdale . . . Joan and Fred Moses back at Valais, Willow Tree, after trip to Moree for picnic races . . . Envious sighs from feminine friends when Jocelyn Gaskell appears in her very "new look" colored court shoes. Colored shoes all the rage abroad and I believe Jocelyn tucked quite a few pairs in her luggage to be worn with her usual super models.



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to You

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in 7 lush NEW American shades

These 7 lush new colors in Pond's "Lips" are *magnetic* on your lips . . . they put daring fire over each gentle curve. The moment Pond's "Lips" touches yours you will be aware of a new, satin-smooth texture. In a moment you've made your lips lovelier than ever before . . . all seven on sale everywhere in Australia.

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HONEY—lighthearted, golden-red for golden moments.

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stay on . . . and on . . . and on!

Actual size—so large, so smart, only 2/3

**Pond's provides
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Pond's Cold Cream thorough skin cleanser, and Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener—in handbag size tubes, only 1/2, economy size jars, approx. 2 1/2 times the quantity, still only 2/10. Ask also for Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder and Pond's Hand Lotion.



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to wear and
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Number 3



- 1 Cleanse the area thoroughly and dry.
- 2 Select an Elastoplast dressing of suitable size: remove protective mullin.
- 3 Without touching antiseptic pad, place it on cut, slightly stretching dressing from the palm towards the back of hand.
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The wound is now comfortably and securely protected, whilst the dressing, being elastic, allows the joints to move freely. Elastoplast is first-class first-aid—you need no bandages or other antiseptic. Never neglect an injury, however slight—if in doubt, see your doctor.

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FIRST AID DRESSINGS
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Made in England by
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There is nothing to compare with the beauty of glass fashioned by English craftsmen, like the sparkling Trinket Set shown here. Each piece of Stuart Crystal is cut by hand, and bears the Stuart signature. Treat yourself and give your friends these heirlooms of the future.

Stuart and Sons Limited, Stourbridge, England.

Obtainable wherever beautiful glass is sold.

SITTING PRETTY



1 FACING PROBLEM of finding a baby-sitter for three children, Tacey King (Maureen O'Hara) is suspicious about teen-ager Ginger (Betty Lynn), who admires Tacey's husband, Harry (Bob Young).



3 DISLIKING CHILDREN, Belvedere uses unconventional methods to train the Kings' boys, who surprise their parents by accepting him happily after a few shocks for all three children.



5 MIDNIGHT CALL is made to Tacey when, during Harry's absence, she stays with Edna, leaving Belvedere to mind the children, one of whom develops a bilious attack and asks for her.



7 CONSTERNATION of the town gossip (Richard Haydn) and Harry's employer (Willard Robertson) follows publication of book by Belvedere, which satirises them.



2 SHOCK for Tacey when second applicant (Clifton Webb) arrives, using name of Lynn Belvedere. She had expected a woman, judging by the name.

STAGE star Clifton Webb has a novel role in the broad comedy on baby-sitting produced by Fox.

As the "sitter" who gets astonishing results from his habit of insulting people, and referring to himself as a "genius," Clifton Webb gets most of the witty dialogue in the film.

In addition to stars Robert Young and Maureen O'Hara, three small boys and a Great Dane dog play important roles.



4 MYSTERY BACKGROUND of Belvedere intrigues Tacey and her friend Edna (Louise Allbritton). They are amused at his claim to be a genius.



6 JEALOUSY of Harry, who has been told by gossips of his wife's midnight visit, causes Tacey to leave him, in spite of the absurdity of his accusations.



8 RETURNING HOME to help Harry, who has been dismissed, Tacey finds that Belvedere has silenced gossips. He offers to stay indefinitely as their baby-sitter.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 12, 1945



Jantzen KNITWEAR

**"Finely Tailored
For Perfect Fit"**

We're still unable to make sufficient to meet the terrific and ever-increasing demand for this popular, high-quality merchandise.

If you can't find a Jantzen in the stores this season can you make your old cardigan do? Jantzen is well worth waiting for.

Continued from page 22

Do You Know?

CLEANED TEETH with TOBACCO!

AMONG MOSLEMS POWDERED TOBACCO AND ASHES WAS A POPULAR DENTRIFICE! TODAY'S MOST POPULAR DENTRIFICE IS KOLYNOS. THOSE ACTIVE KOLYNOS BUBBLES SWIRL AWAY HIDDEN FOOD DEPOSITS — CLEAN TEETH SURGICALLY!

UNTIDY HAIR PREVENTS TOOTHACHE

— BEGGO RAH! —

IT WAS ONCE A BELIEF THAT IF AN IRISHMAN PROMISED NEVER TO COMB HIS HAIR ON FRIDAY HE WOULD NEVER HAVE TOOTHACHE!

STRANGE USE FOR VINEGAR!

ANCIENT CHINESE USED VINEGAR AS A MOUTHWASH! KOLYNOS IS A MOUTHWASH AS WELL AS A QUALITY DENTAL CREAM. KOLYNOS BUBBLES BRING A FRESH FRAGRANCE TO YOUR BREATH — NATURAL SPARKLE TO YOUR SMILE

WHOOSH!

LOOK AT THE MONEY Y' SAVE!

BECAUSE KOLYNOS IS HIGHLY CONCENTRATED — HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLENTY. THAT'S WHY KOLYNOS GOES TWICE AS FAR AS ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE!

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

WHAT KIND OF HEADACHE DO YOU GET?

3 stages of a "THROBBING" headache



1 Symptom of Irregularity

This is perhaps the most common of all headaches—usually throbbing and affects the brow region over the eyes. There's no need to put up with a throbbing headache. While you get at the cause, give yourself fast relief by taking just TWO Anacin tablets.



2 bring FASTER relief

from headaches and pain **CHANGE NOW**

2 Amazing Speed

Anacin quickly soothes those irritated nerves. The pain becomes less and less... throbbing dies away because every Anacin tablet is a combination of four medically proven agents. Four ingredients—and it's the action of an extra ingredient that makes Anacin's relief so much swifter. Anacin is actually cheaper in the long run too, because two Anacin tablets will frequently do the work of much larger doses of ordinary anti-pain powders or tablets.

3 Headache Gone

Quick, blessed relief. That's what you get from Anacin. Quick and safe relief—with no after effects. So change to Anacin. Sold at all chemists in packets of 12, tins of 30, bottles of 50 and 100.

ANACIN

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.



JOCK understood that he was to leave with her, with the suitcases. He hesitated a moment, then limped away down the corridor. Helen said: "Is he refusing to go?"

"Wait a minute. I think he knows what he's doing."

Jock knew. He returned with young Hank's shoe in his mouth.

Doctor Parker said, "That's his way of remembering. Hasn't it occurred to you that he's in deeper trouble than you? His life was big Hank and young Hank. You have the world ahead of you."

"The world—Come, Jock."

The man was merciless. "Have you thought about where you can stay with Jock, as you move on aimlessly? Most hotels won't take a dog. Have you thought about his food? Have you thought about anything except yourself?"

She stared at him. "Why should I?"

"Mrs. Wilson gave you the answer. Life is more important than you are."

"Life for me ended with my husband and son. So now?"

"So now you try to learn to be a human being just the same. That's all."

She laughed bitterly. "So I try to learn. Good-bye."

He stood in the doorway watching her go towards the car, Gillis following with her bags. He called to her and she turned to hear him say again, "Don't forget that life is more important than you are."

The woman and the dog got into the car and started away.

Jock lay beside her on the front seat, his tail between his legs, a dog committed to what was left of all he had held dear.

Helen drove absently. The towns flashed by as in a kaleidoscope, the landscape was meaningless. She forgot to stop for lunch.

She realised suddenly, swinging into a city, that night had come and it was time to stop. She drove into the business section and drew up at the entrance of a large hotel.

The colored doorman came to the car. She motioned.

She said, "Just the small bag."

The man asked, "The dog is with you, madam?"

"Oh. The dog. Yes. Yes, the dog is with me."

"Sorry, madam, but dogs are not allowed in the hotel."

"Very well. I'll go to another."

"There's no hotel in town would take him, madam."

"What nonsense. He's perfectly clean. He lives in my own house."

"Yes, madam. It's the rule almost everywhere. I'd suggest a tourist court."

"I'm too tired to bother with one of those places. I've driven all day without stopping, except for gas."

"Without stopping? Hasn't the dog had any water to-day?"

"Why. I don't know. I expect not."

The doorman said with dignity, "Please excuse me, but it isn't human to treat a creature that way. Wait a moment, madam."

She leaned her head wearily against the seat. She should have tipped the man. He had gone, of course, to ask the manager to accept her and Jock.

He returned, bringing carefully a flat bowl filled with water. Jock drank thirstily. His sad eyes thanked the stranger, who laid his white-gloved hand on the fine head.

"Madam," he said, "if you insist on a hotel, I could have the dog taken to a veterinarian for the night."

"Splendid! Thank you." She fumbled in her purse and handed him a bill. "Take care of that for me, please, and the car, too."

She got out of the car and started under the marquee towards the lobby. Without question, Jock jumped from the window, landing painfully on his leg, and followed her. It was necessary to follow her, with or without love. At the revolving door she saw him as the doorman spoke.

He said pleadingly: "Madam, something's not right in the dog's mind. I think he might die if you leave him."

She was furious. She snapped: "The dog is my business!"

But she turned back to the car with him.

"Do you have anything for him to eat?" He spoke hurriedly, before she could stop him, before she could drive away again.

"Two blocks down you'll see a grocery store still open. Excuse me, maybe you don't know about it, but ask for what they call dog meal. You can mix it for him with milk and water. And if you have any bits of meat left from your own dinner, he'd like that."

She did not answer. She started the car, put it in gear.

He said: "There's a nice tourist court south of town, madam. A nice little restaurant there, too. I hope you and the dog make out all right." He touched a finger to his cap and the car was gone.

The grocery store had a lighted overhanging sign or Helen might have forgotten again. She was the last customer.

"Some dog meal, please."

The clerk brought two sizes of packages.

"Is one of these a meal for a rather large dog?" she asked.

The clerk quite plainly considered her an idiot. "The big size would feed a dog a couple of weeks, lady."

"I'd better take it."

The tourist court, too, was easily discovered. The little houses were in good taste. The last one, at the end, was vacant. No, there was no objection to a well-behaved dog. Helen drove under the arched shelter and took out her small bag.

"Well, Jock, this is home for tonight."

She freshened herself. There was nothing in which to mix Jock's dog meal for supper.

"I'll bring a dish back with me," she told him. "Stay here."

The food at the small cafe was home-cooked, and she was surprised to find herself hungry, for all her fatigue.

"The soup," she said, "and creamed chicken. Wait a minute. I'll have the steak."

She smiled to herself. The doorman would approve of the change in her order. She remembered to borrow a small pan. She remembered to save some of the steak, and went back to Jock.

She poured altogether too much dog meal into the pan. She eyed it dubiously and held it under the cold-water tap in the bathroom. She eyed it again. It looked extremely wet. She used the end of her toothbrush to stir the mixture. She set it down in front of Jock with satisfaction.

"I hope that impudent doorman would approve," she said.

Jock smelled the dish out of courtesy, thumped his tail in apology, and turned away. He had no appetite. Life was too disturbing.

She said, "Why, you ungrateful creature. After all my trouble! Oh, you know I brought you some steak. All right."

She spread the paper of meat on the floor. Jock sniffed and again apologized.

"Well! I wish I'd eaten it."

She was exhausted. The bed was comfortable. She had expected to lie awake in torment, thinking, remembering, and was suddenly asleep.

Jock watched her, where the rays from the driveway light fell across her face. He looked around for a bed for himself. He pawed two small throw rugs together and made himself a nest. He lay down.

Almost at once he lifted his head. He rose stiffly and went to the door. Then he darted to the car and found the thing he needed.

He came back into the cabin with the strange object in his mouth. He lay down on his rugs and leaned his nose across young Hank's battered shoe. Then he, too, slept.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Fashion FROCKS



"Ursula"

"URSULA"—Classic Suit

A suit with a pencil-slim skirt, obtainable either ready to wear or cut out ready to sew. The material is a heavy hopsac fibre-spun rayon, in tonings of aqua with brown stripes; light grey with mid-brown stripes; mid-grey with sage stripes.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 95/- (9 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust, 97/9 (9 coupons). Postage 2/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 77/6 (9 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust 79/11 (9 coupons). Postage 2/9½ extra.

(3)

"ELEANOR"—Pinaflore Frock

Versatile pinaflore frock, obtainable either ready to wear or cut out ready to sew. The material is spun staple fibre, patterned in a black-and-white design on any of the following colors—deep dusty pink; mist-blue; mid-green; mustard; coral; midnight-blue.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust 47/3 (8 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust 49/11 (8 coupons). Postage 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 37/11 (8 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/9 (8 coupons). Postage 1/9½ extra.

"COLLEEN"—Blouse

Tailored shirt blouse, obtainable ready to wear or cut out ready to sew. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel-pink, and pastel-blue.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 35/11 (5 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust, 37/9 (5 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 29/9 (5 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust 31/9 (5 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra.



"Colleen"

"Gay"

"GAY"—Jacket Blouse

Made with a double-breasted fastening, obtainable ready to wear or cut out ready to sew. The material is spotted spun rayon in turquoise with white spots, brown with white spots, sky-blue with white spots, red with white spots, and navy with white spots.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 32/11 (5 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust, 35/9 (5 coupons). Postage 1/6½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 24/9 (5 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust, 26/11 (5 coupons). Postage 1/6½ extra.

* PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children's patterns state age. * Use box numbers given on this page. * C.O.D. orders not accepted.

The Lady with a Line

THE GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY



Her natural figure profiles are magically moulded into lines of contoured loveliness with corsetry by Gossard. Gossard Corsetry... faultlessly fashioned in feather-light nylons, delicate laces, satins and lovely brocades.



Dress Sense by Betty Keep

AN evening gown for formal and informal occasions, suitable flowers for an all-white wedding, design for a suit of soft woollen material, and choice of style that will not become dated are my solutions for readers' problems this week.

Two-way evening gown

MY problem is evening clothes. My boy-friend and I attend quite a number of theatres and concerts as well as dances, and I simply can't afford to buy more than one new evening dress every season. The point is that a dress I feel looks suitable at a concert or theatre is not glamorous enough when we go dancing. What do you advise?"

I advise what the Americans call a "double-take" dress, briefly, a dress that completely changes character with the removal of the jacket. The dress worn with the jacket has the appearance of being a one-piece, the dress under the jacket is decollete. In this category skirts are mainly full, but the slim silhouette is also represented. Jacket may be the briefest of boleros or a softly tailored style. Shoulders of the frock are bare, with a halter neckline, camisole, or strapless bodice.

Flowers for wedding

I AM to be married shortly, and have chosen all-white marquisette frocks for my attendants. I am having two bridesmaids and two flower girls. I am worried over the

choice of flowers for the coronets and bouquets, and would like your advice on what shade of flowers would look nice."

Pale yellow flowers look lovely for an all-white wedding. The bridesmaids could wear floral halos of large yellow roses and carry Victorian posies of small rosebuds in the same shade. It would be a pretty idea for the flower girls to wear simple wreaths of green rose leaves and carry tiny posies of rosebuds to match the bridesmaids' bouquets. Or you might like the idea of white daisies with yellow centres; they would also look charming with marquisette frocks. The daisies could be made into halo-shaped coronets for the bridesmaids and simple wreaths for the flower girls. Instead of a bouquet it would be an unusual idea for the bridesmaids and flower girls to carry a muff of white daisies.

Design for suit

"WOULD you assist me in designing my winter suit? I have sufficient soft wool for a suit with an all-round-pleated skirt, but wondered if all-round pleats might be too bulky in wool. I would also like to know what type of pleats would be best. And what length do you advise for the jacket?"

Just as long as your waistline is well pulled in, a bulky line below the waist is a current silhouette established by many of the Parisian fashion designers. However, it is

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088 G.P.O., Sydney.

not everyone who is slim enough to wear this line, and, for that matter, tall enough to carry it off. If you feel a slim line rather than a bulky line would suit your figure, the skirt could be finely pleated, cut on the bias, and stitched to form a tight hip yoke. A skirt made on these lines would still have the fashionable swirl of all-round fullness, minus the bulk. About the jacket length: Have it short, ending about 4in. below the natural waistline. This short-jacket, full-skirted silhouette is likely to continue into spring fashions.

Choose simple lines

MINE, I should imagine, is a problem that surely must worry a number of girls. It's the problem of keeping up with the changing fashions. Fashions these days seem to change so quickly and I, for one, can't afford to discard garments after one season."

I am quite sure there are very few women who could afford, or would be foolish enough, to discard their clothes after one season. But you can be in the fashion without following extremes in fashion. I consider simplicity of line is the main asset to long-term dressing on big or little means. When you choose an outfit, choose a simple classic, a design that will last and look quite correct two or three years



TWO DESIGNS for a bare-topped evening gown and matching jacket which provide for both formal and informal occasions.

from to-day. In choosing a classic you must be sure it follows the current silhouette, and in the current silhouette there are three points to remember: Longer skirts, rounded shoulders, and a small, pulled-in waistline.

Are you ALWAYS BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL



LIFE goes with a swing when you're in good health. But you will never feel really well if troubled with constipation. Bile Beans are ideal for promoting regular bowel action, cleansing the system naturally and thoroughly. That out-of-sorts feeling, indigestion, liverishness that makes you irritable and depressed—all give way to a brighter outlook when you take Bile Beans regularly—just a couple at bedtime.

Nature's Gentle Aid

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Smoother, richer-foaming **New Pepsodent**, the only toothpaste

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A fresh and natural bouquet. The soul of a thousand flowers sealed in a crystal flask.



'MISCHIEF'

Gaily audacious... young and charming. Presented in wickedly smart black and chromium flasks, some of which come in the cute 'Tiny Topper' containers.

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Save medicine bills as you check winter ills. Make ONE PINT of the famous HEENZO family cough remedy for only 2/- . You simply add sweetened water to HEENZO to make equal to eight bottles of the best ready-mixed medicine for chest and throat ailments.

To ease breathing, soothe irritations and give prompt relief you can't buy a better medicine than HEENZO.

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COSTS 2/-

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Time on your
Hands

THESE slender, sophisticated hands are a grand object lesson for anyone with aspirations to beautiful hands and time to spend on them.

Many women say they can't have attractive hands and nails because they do their own housework, play the piano, pound a typewriter, dig and weed in the garden, wield a racquet, or swing a niblick.

THE fact is, though, anyone can have hands that will show up nicely in any company merely by deciding what constitutes good grooming for them, then giving them plenty of it.

It's a mistake to expect more of your hands in high style than you are able to give them in use or willing to give them in care; styles in fingers, like styles in clothes and coiffures, may change, but they should always be functional and adapted to the job they do.

Efficient manicuring is recognised as the corner-stone of hand conditioning, as well as the basis for decoration, and the manicure we all seek is the one that will survive hard usage.

But it seems that lots of us are rather too busy to fit in regular manicure appointments, judging from the requests that come for details of "a home manicure with that professional finish."

The professional finish demands the professional approach, so we set about collecting all the necessary requisites for the manicure, and there are no makeshifts: a towel; a bowl of warm, soapy water; a nail-brush; emery-boards; curved scissors; orangewood stick and some cotton-wool; a little heated oil; cuticle softener; hand cream or lotion; varnish remover and polish.

Step 1.—Take off old polish with remover by swabbing nail with saturated cotton-wool from base to finger-tip.

Step 2.—File nails to preferred contour with emery-board, using the coarse side first, finishing off with the fine-grained side.

It is important to let nails grow straight at sides, shaping them after they are free of the finger. Keeping nail sides solid in this way gives them enough breadth to maintain extra length.

One can have fairly long nails and run a typewriter in the office or do housework at home, but first those nails must be strong, from proper elements in the bloodstream, from proper care and use. Users of typewriters can help nail conservation and at the same time bring a new slant to the "touch" system by turning the fingers so that the under cushion hits the keys instead of the finger-tops. Even so, really long nails will continue to catch on the upper row of keys, but you do not want them that length, anyway!

Step 3.—For keeping the cuticle soft and pliant, or if the nails are brittle, soak them in some heated castor oil placed in a shallow dish or saucer. After removing the fingers from the saucer, massage each nail base separately, gently pushing the cuticle back all round the nail.

Step 4.—Soak nails in warm, sudsy water; rinse and dry. With orangewood stick wrapped in cotton-wool, apply cuticle remover round nail. Then with a fresh, dry piece of cotton-wool on the orangewood stick go back over each nail and push away any pieces of loose cuticle. Run the stick along under the nail-tips, too.

Never cut the cuticle, and never let a manicurist do so, because it only tends to thicken and toughen the delicate frame round the nail.

If there are any stains on nails or fingers, remove them with a dab of peroxide, lemon juice, or a little powdered pumice.

Step 5.—Put hands into the warm water again, this time scrubbing the nails with the brush; rinse thoroughly, dry carefully, always pushing back on the cuticle gently.

Step 6.—If you are not using colored polish, you can now apply nail-white pencil under the nail-tips to accent their outline, a step not necessary when liquid polish is used.

Step 7.—Where liquid polish is used, clean the nail surface of soap or oil with another application of the polish-remover; powder polish rubbed on the nail and buffed briskly, always in one direction, or rubbed on the palm, gives a moderate glossy base and provides a smooth surface for liquid polish. Apply the liquid with three quick strokes, avoiding the cuticle. It is as well to leave a tiny hairline of the nail free all round the base and sides if it can be managed, and those who use their hands a great deal will find it advisable to remove a little from the tip of the nail before it dries. Again just a hairline is enough to let the nail itself take the contact.

Two coatings are best if using dark polishes, the first rather thin, then a second over it. Light varnishes are usually satisfactory with one wash of color. Allow them to dry thoroughly.

Finally, a very little cream or oil applied to the nails and cuticle and a dab of cream or lotion massaged into the hands themselves make a nice finishing touch.

Like two pairs of stockings for the price of one!



Tests prove that LUX gives stockings twice the wear

"Double the wear from every pair" — that's your theme song when you Lux stockings every night. You see, gentle Lux suds whisk out harmful perspiration before it can weaken fragile threads. But you must use Lux. Tests prove that stockings washed with Lux last twice as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.



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Mother's Choice Test Kitchen,
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SYDNEY.
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NAME (Block Letters) _____

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Send no stamp—membership is entirely free.

MCLA-18

Kidney Trouble Causes Backache, Puffy Ankles

If you're feeling out o'-sorts, have Interrupted Sleep, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy, and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription

called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of doctors' records prove this.

No Benefit—No Pay

The very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping your kidneys remove excess acids. Quickly, this makes you feel like new again. And so certain are the makers that Cystex will satisfy you completely they ask you to try it under a money back guarantee. You be the judge. If not entirely satisfied just return the empty package and get your money back.

Cystex costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. New in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

Cystex
for
KIDNEY
BLADDER
The Guaranteed Treatment RHEUMATISM

Now
it's so inexpensive
to serve good coffee

It's quick... it's easy

and there are no grounds



It's the 3-Second Coffee
MADE RIGHT IN THE CUP

A little Nescafé goes a long way... because Nescafé is coffee in unique *concentrated* soluble form. Nescafé is made from a blend of the choicest coffee beans with added carbohydrates to *seal-in* the delicious flavour and fragrant aroma. There's no tedious preparation... no waste grounds... the irksome part of coffee making is already done. Black or white, Nescafé is equally enjoyable... equally economical... equally quick to make.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GROCERS AND STORES

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Nescafé is a powdered coffee extract composed of coffee with dextrins, maltose and dextrose added to retain the aroma.

NESCAFÉ (pronounced NES-CAFAY) A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 12, 1948

Waffles and other things

● Waffles, griddle-cakes, and flapjacks can be made in an almost endless variety—sweet or savory.

A SPECIAL iron is necessary for waffles. The electric type can be used at the table. Utility type waffle irons can be used on any sort of stove. Waffle irons must be kept scrupulously clean, or batter will stick. Batter should be poured, not

spooned, on to iron. Use a small jug or glass measure and grease spout or lip for easy pouring. Iron must be lightly greased for each waffle. An old-fashioned griddle-iron or heavy frying-pan is best for griddle-cakes, flapjacks, pikelets, or pancakes.

By Our
Food and
Cookery Experts



TOP: Griddle-cakes served with quartered hard-boiled eggs and cheese sauce, grilled bacon rashers and tomato and onion savory make a delicious breakfast or luncheon dish. RIGHT: Grilled tomatoes topped with cheese go well with savory flapjacks.

UTILITY waffle - irons, useable on any type of stove, turn out crisp, golden waffles—either sweet or savory.



WAFFLES

Two cups flour, 3 level teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1½ cups milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or butter, small quantity mock cream, and strawberries to garnish, or honey or maple syrup.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt; add sugar. Beat egg-yolks, mix with milk, stir into dry ingredients. Fold in melted shortening, then stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pre-heat waffle iron until butter or oil used for greasing sizzles when brushed on. Grease both sides. Measure 4 table-spoons batter into small jug, pour carefully on to prepared iron. As mixture rises close lid down. Cook 5 to 6 minutes in electric waffle iron. If using other type iron, cook over steady medium heat 2 minutes each side, then 1 minute each side. Remove from iron, keep hot. Grease iron before adding next quantity of batter. Serve hot with mock cream and strawberries or maple syrup or honey.

WAFFLE VARIATIONS

Sweet Waffles: Serve as suggested above or with golden syrup, ice-cream, chocolate, caramel, or butter-scotch sauce, stewed fruit, lemon cheese spread, strawberry conserve.

Savory waffles: Omit sugar from

mixture, increase salt to 1 teaspoon.

Cheese Waffles: Add 1 cup grated cheese to savory mixture before folding in egg-whites.

Ham Waffles: Sprinkle 1 or 2 table-spoons finely minced ham over batter before closing iron.

SAVORY FLAPJACKS

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon margarine or good clarified fat, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 cup finely diced (or minced) cold meat, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Add onion and meat. Mix to a soft dropping consistency with beaten egg and milk. Drop a table-spoonful at a time on to hot, greased griddle-iron or heavy frying-pan. Cook 3 or 4 minutes on each side. Serve piping hot with grilled tomato halves topped with grated cheese.

FLAPJACK VARIATIONS

Fish: Omit meat, add 1 cup flaked cooked fish (fresh or smoked), 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, and a squeeze of lemon juice.

Apple: Reduce salt to a good pinch, add 1 tablespoon sugar. Omit onion and meat; substitute 1 cup grated apple, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch cinnamon.

Continued on page 31

He never
enjoyed his tea...



till he tasted
Brisk
Lipton's!



"Good?"

Why it was like tasting tea
for the first time," he cried, savouring
that rich Lipton flavour.

Housewives all over the country are changing
to "brisk" Lipton Tea. Brisk? "Brisk"
is the tea expert's word for the rich, full-
bodied flavour that comes from Lipton's
skilful blending.

LIPTON TEA

Brisk Flavour

NEVER FLAT!



TO MAKE THE MOST OF SUPPER...

Supper dishes plain or fancy, are all improved
by Mustard. Even a modest dab makes a
wonderful difference. Mustard... Keen's
Mustard... adds zest to the food and relish
to the appetite. Never be without it.



ask for
**KEEN'S
MUSTARD**



GRILLED PLATTER is made by grilling thinly sliced veal steak, then
brushing the slices with equal quantities of meat extract and melted
butter. Lightly fried onion rings and tomato slices complete the dish.

Prizes for recipes...

VARIETY of DISHES

● When family or friends applaud a dish
at the table, write down the recipe and
send it to us. It may win you a cash prize.

STEAMED RABBIT with
always tender and
moist, can be made
even more appetising
by serving it with a curry-
flavored sauce as suggested in
this week's first prize-winning
recipe.

STEAMED RABBIT WITH CURRY SAUCE

One rabbit, 4 rashers lean bacon,
1 small onion, 2 thin strips lemon
rind, good pinch nutmeg, pinch
pepper, 1 teaspoon salt.

Sauce: One and a half cups rabbit
liquor, 1 heaped dessertspoon flour,
1 teaspoon curry powder (or less,
according to taste), 1 diced peeled
apple, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Wash rabbit well, soak half an
hour in salted water. Truss as for
baking. Place in large saucepan
with bacon, sliced onion, lemon rind,
nutmeg, pepper, salt. Add sufficient
water to half-cover rabbit. Cover
pan, simmer 1½ hours, or until flesh
is tender. Remove rabbit, keep hot.
Strain off all but ½ cups of the
liquor, remove bacon and lemon
rind. Add apple and sugar, simmer
until apple is soft. Thicken with
flour and curry powder blended
with a little extra water. Simmer
5 minutes. Serve rabbit on hot dish
—serve sauce separately.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Allen,
278 Glen Osmond Rd., Follerton
Estate, S.A.

STEAMED APPLE PUDDING

Two ounces margarine or butter,
2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon
rind, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour,
pinch salt, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 or 3
apples, 2 tablespoons brown sugar,
ground cloves or cinnamon.

Grease steaming-basin well,
sprinkle with brown sugar. Line
bottom and sides of basin with cored
peeled apple slices, dust with cloves
or cinnamon. Cream margarine or
butter with sugar and lemon rind.
Add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted
flour and salt alternately with milk.
Fill into apple-lined basin, top with
any remaining apple slices. Cover
with greased paper, steam 1½ to 1½
hours. Turn out and serve hot with
custard or clear lemon sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N.
O. Sky, 81 Parkes St., West Ryde,
N.S.W.

CAULIFLOWER LUNCHEON CASSEROLE

One cauliflower, 1 apple, 1 onion,
1 dessertspoon margarine or butter,
1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 table-
spoon flour, 1½ cups vegetable or
meat stock or water, 1 teaspoon meat
extract, salt to taste, squeeze lemon
juice, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs.

Wash cauliflower well, break into
flowerets. Drop into boiling salted
water, simmer 8 to 10 minutes. Drain,
place in ovenware dish. Melt margarine
or butter, add diced apple and

onion, fry lightly. Stir in curry
powder and flour, allow to brown.
Add stock or water, stir until boiling,
then add meat extract, salt,
lemon juice. Pour over cauliflower,
top with crumbs. Bake in moderate
oven until thoroughly heated, serve
hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J.
Johnston, 4A Liverpool St., Rose
Bay, N.S.W.

SPICED FRUIT SQUARES

Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking
powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. margarine
or good clean fat, 2 tablespoons
sugar, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk.

Filling: Two cups mixed fruit, 1
dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 table-
spoons brown sugar, 1 diced apple, 1
teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon nutmeg,
1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Sift dry ingredients. Cream margarine
or fat with sugar, add egg, mix
well. Work in sifted dry ingredients
alternately with milk, making a dry
mixture. Turn on to floured board,
halve, roll each portion to fit greased
slab-tin. Line tin with one portion.
Prepare filling. Put fruit through
mincer, add all other ingredients.
Mix well. Spread over lined tin,
press remaining paste lightly on top.
Brush with milk, dust with equal
quantities of sugar and spice. Mark
into squares. Bake in hot oven (400
deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Remove
squares from tin when half cold.
Store in airtight tin when cooled.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E.
D. Paterson, Malemy, N.C. Line, Qld.

WAFFLES... and other things

Continued from page 33

BREAKFAST GRIDDLE-CAKES

Two cups self-raising flour, pinch
salt, 2 eggs, 1 to 1½ cups milk, 2
tablespoons melted shortening
(measured after melting).

Sift flour and salt together. Beat
eggs well, mix with milk, stir into
dry ingredients, add shortening.
Beat to a smooth thick batter. Drop
by spoonfuls on to hot greased
griddle-iron or heavy frying-pan.
Cook 2 or 3 minutes until set and
lightly browned underneath. Turn
and cook 2 or 3 minutes on other
side. Keep hot until ready to serve.
See color photograph for serving
suggestion.

GRIDDLE-CAKE VARIATIONS

Cheese and Onion: Add to mix-
ture ½ cup grated cheese and 1 des-
sertspoon finely chopped onion.

Corn: Add 1 cup cooked fresh
corn, or 1 cup tinned corn. If the
latter is used, reduce milk by 1
cup. Serve with bacon.

Spiced: Add to mixture 1 table-
spoon sugar, 1 teaspoon each cinna-
mon, nutmeg, powdered cloves. Serve
with golden syrup or thick apple
sauce.

IT ONLY TAKES
3 MINUTES

TO PREPARE A
TEMPTING
DESSERT
FOR MY HARD-TO-
PLEASE FAMILY.



What to give for des-
sert is no problem when you have a
tube of Hansen's Junket Tablets on
hand. In no time at all you can have
a tasty, tempting sweet to delight
the most fastidious taste. Simply dis-
solve a Hansen's Tablet, add to LUKE
WARM MILK, sweeten to taste, pour
into individual glasses, allow to cool.
No boiling, no baking. HANSEN'S
Junket is ready to serve in a matter
of minutes.

**HANSEN'S
Junket
TABLETS**

The ORIGINAL Junket Tablets

If you feel bilious...



it's probably

'SLUGGISH SYSTEM'

When you wake feeling dull and heavy
it's probably due to constipation. But
your system will respond readily to
the purifying action of Beecham's
Pills. Correct your constipation with
this fine, purely vegetable laxative
and continue to take it regularly.

Sold everywhere, 1/- and 2/6 per box.

**Beecham's
Pills**

THE VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

Suffering with a
COLD

DON'T RELY ON HALF MEASURES
TAKE FOOLISH CHANCES

Get after your chest cold with most
best—a time-proven treatment re-
commended by many doctors all over the
world. Antiphlogistine Poultice gives
you the benefits of moist heat—right
in your own home. Just do these
two simple things recommended by
many doctors:

1. Put an Antiphlogistine Poultice on
back and chest. Throat, too—if it's
sore.

2. Go to bed. Antiphlogistine Poultice
works all through the night. Hence
you get a good night's sleep.

Antiphlogistine

The soothing warmth
of Antiphlogistine
Poultice relaxes tense
or aching muscles,
stimulates circulation,
helps ease coughs due
to colds.

MEDICATED
POULTICE
DRESSING

• WHY

Jamal

• IS KINDEST

• TO YOUR HAIR

• While the Jamal wave is processing
• each hair shaft is enjoying the extra
• luxury of an emollient warm oil
• treatment which softens and preserves
• the natural lustre of your hair.

Men have a word for it!

Pyrexcellence

... and PYREX ware is really *par excellence* for practically all food preparation. PYREX is strong and durable ... looks well on the table ... AND it's far easier to cook and serve in. When husbands insist on washing up you can be sure it's a PYREX household. PYREX now includes casseroles, pie plates, "individuals," baking dishes, cake plates, entrees, pie dishes, pudding bowls and utility dishes.



PYREX is guaranteed against breakage in oven use

Ramekins

HAVE RAMIFICATIONS IN THE KITCHEN, TOO!

PYREX "Ramekins" are individual baking dishes that come right out of the oven on to the table. They are designed for individual egg dishes, fish mornays, and savoury items such as macaroni cheese. Add a set of inexpensive PYREX "Ramekins" to your kitchen PYREX ware.



AGEE
PYREX

looks better!
Cook in it! Serve in it! Store in it!

MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

MORE INVITATIONS!

I can't keep up with them now! But it wasn't always like this. One day I was having my hair done, when . . .



AT THE DOCTOR'S

Miss Grant, your symptoms indicate **NIGHT STARVATION**. You probably don't realise it, but while you sleep, you must replace energy lost during the day. Even during the night your heart and lungs continue their work. Naturally, unless this energy is replaced, you're bound to wake tired, become nervous. I recommend **HORLICKS**.



That advice put me right! And **HORLICKS** will do the same for **YOU!**

Delicious! Horlicks helps you wake up with new reserves of vigor and power. Drink Horlicks and escape Night-Starvation, for radiant vitality. Horlicks keeps you fit while it awakens against Night-Starvation. Ask for Horlicks by name.



HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

LARYNOIDS

protect you against

COLDS, SORE THROAT, 'FLU, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHIAL INFECTIONS

At the first sign of a cold—sore throat, sneezing, temperature, cough—suck a few Larynoids. The quick-acting Anesthesin in these soothing pastilles stops that "rawness" in the throat. Even when a bad cold has taken hold, Larynoids will quickly give soothing relief. Larynoids are especially helpful to stop irritating, sleep-wrecking night coughs.

AT ALL CHEMISTS



Larynoids
Containing ANESTHESIN

CHEST AND THROAT PASTILLES

1/8 PKT.

Planting time for Snowball bush

• Most people long to grow a good specimen of the lovely snowball bush or *Viburnum opulus*.

THERE are well over 40 varieties of viburnum, but only a few produce the characteristic snowy, ball-shaped blooms which have given the variety opulus its common name.

The viburnums belong to the honeysuckle family and there are evergreen and deciduous varieties.

There are dwarf varieties, and others that grow to 15ft. or more. Some have white, others pink, and several yellowish-white flowers, and nearly all produce red, blue-black, or shiny jet-colored berries. The foliage of several varieties also changes into beautiful autumn shades before falling.

Leaves of the evergreen varieties are mostly shiny, and the flowers of these are either white or pink, and borne in large clusters.

These shrubs should be planted now, in well-prepared soil, and given protection from adverse winds, which knock the leaves about very severely, particularly the deciduous varieties. Being natives of cold climates, the ground should be mulched with compost or old manure in summer, and water must be applied regularly.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.



SNOWBALL BUSH, or *Viburnum opulus*, is a beautiful shrub which likes cool climates, but does well along the coast if given some protection and good care in summer.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS:

IF your nail splits use adhesive tape, cut to shape, to cover break. This can be removed easily, prevents further damage and possible pain and irritation.

A TIGHT glass stopper can be removed this way. Apply a drop or two of oil around stopper at

bottle mouth, stand in warm spot for a while, tap stopper gently on one side, then on the other. It should then come out easily.

HANG up brooms and mops. Never allow them to stand on the head. Insert small screw in handle end, and attach loop of string, then hang to nail in cupboard or convenient spot.

ECONOMISE on furniture and floor polish by using a dampened piece of soft cotton to apply it. Leave on for 15 to 20 minutes, then polish.

EASY way to light the fire: Fold a sheet of newspaper lightly in half, roll up, twist lightly in centre, or tie with string, then dip in melted candle-ends. Several of these lighters could be made at a time and kept out of the reach of the children.



DANGER OF PERFUME leaking over contents of the case if it is packed in can be overcome by painting a little colorless nail lacquer round the stopper to prevent leaking.

Hints on planning baby's layette

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

IT is best in these times of difficulties in shopping to concentrate on the essential items of your baby's layette.

Until your baby arrives and you know its sex, I would suggest that you limit the number of dresses and petticoats to just one or two, as a boy baby has little use for these.

Singlets, little cotton or silk shirts to be worn next the skin under woollen singlets; nightgowns (4 to 6 of these), matinee-jackets, napkins (of which there should be at least three dozen, one dozen being butter-muslin), and, at least, two pairs of flannel pincers, to be worn over the napkins, are the earliest required garments.

In the first few weeks your baby should sleep most of the time, thus practically living in its nightgowns.

You should plan your baby's clothes so that they can be made simply, fit smoothly, launder easily, have no unnecessary double thicknesses which will not dry quickly, and allow plenty of room for rapid growth. If this last factor is not taken into consideration clothes will soon be outgrown and useless.

Paper patterns of a simple, practical, and complete layette for your baby can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 18 Bridge Street, Sydney. Price of patterns, 3/6 per set (postage free).

UNWANTED HAIR

goes in 3 minutes

No more worry with superfluous hair! Veet Cream ends this trouble in 3 minutes. No ugly razor stubble or shadow, yet every trace of hair is gone and your skin left white and velvety smooth.

Just apply Veet Cream, straight from the tube. After 3 minutes wash it off. Not a trace of hair remains. Skin is left cool and smooth as if no ugly hair had ever existed. Get a tube of Veet Cream to-day. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

VEET CREAM

Supplies now available at chemists, 2/9 per tube, including tax. Distributors: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 2749, G.P.O., Sydney.



THANK YOU DOCTOR



Ford Pills have made me a new woman. It's marvellous to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer every time.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere

In unbreakable plastic tubes. F.2.4

FORD PILLS

On our cover...

THREE-PIECE SKI SET

FULL directions for making them are given here.

Materials required to make the complete set are 4oz. white, 3oz. each of red and navy 4-ply wool, a set of four No. 10 needles, a medium crochet hook.

Tension: 8 sts. equal to 1in.

Mittens

Starting at wrist with white, cast on 48 sts. (16 on each of 3 needles). Work in ribbing of k 2, p 2 for 1in., then with red work 2 rows, white 2 rows, navy 1 row, white 1 row, navy 1 row, white 2 rows, red 2 rows, white 7 rows, then k 2 rows white.

Next Row: Start patt. st.

1st Row: * K 2 navy, 2 white, rep. from * around.

2nd Row: K 1 white, * rep. from * of 1st row, end 1 white.

3rd Row: K 1 navy, * 2 white, 2 navy, rep. from * around, ending 2 white, 1 navy.

4th Row: Rep. from * of row 3 around.

5th Row: With white k, increasing 1 st. in every 3rd st. around (64 sts. on needle).

6th Row: With white k.

Now work from Chart A for 12 rows to thumb.

13th Row: Work chart across 47 sts. for left mitten (for right mitten work across 35 sts.). Then with contrasting strand of wool k 13 sts., slip the 13 sts. back on the left-hand needle and work again over the same 13 sts. in patt. st. from chart. Continue to work from chart, working second half with navy and white for 21 rows, then work decreases for top as follows:

22nd Row: * K 1, slip 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., follow chart for 21 sts., k 2 tog., rep. from * across. Dec 4 sts. in this manner every row until 18 sts. remain. Break wool and draw through remaining sts. or graft sts. together.

Thumb: Pick up 27 sts. from contrasting strand (by one) as strand to with-draw, pick up 1 st. at side, then divide the 28 sts. on 3 needles and follow Chart B, decrease top, and finish in the same manner as mitten.

The Fringe: Cut wool into 10in. lengths, take 4 strands of white and knot to end of scarf, repeat with each color, using alternately navy, red, white, three times. Finish other end in the same way. Cut ends of fringe evenly. Press scarf carefully.



CHART C, above, is to be followed in making the scarf.

Beret

With white and using the set of needles, cast on 128 sts., divide evenly on to three needles, and join. Work in k 1, p 1 ribbing for 4 rows.

K 1 row, increasing 1 st. in every 7th st. (144 sts.), k 1 row. Work figures from Chart C (repeating the 2 figures 9 times around) for 14 rows.

K 1 row white, increasing 1 st. in every 7th st. (164 sts.).

K 1 row white, then k 2 rows navy, 1 row white, 2 rows navy, 1 row white. Divide sts., 41 sts. for each of 4 sections for top of beret. Work each section separately (k 1 row, p 1 row), following Chart D for 1st and 3rd sections and Chart E for 2nd and 4th sections, working 14 rows even, then decrease 1 st. each side as follows: K 1, slip 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., follow chart across to last 3 sts., then k 2 tog., k 1.

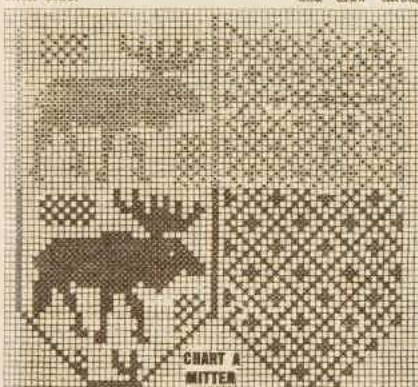
P 1 row, following chart. Repeat last 2 rows 6 times more, then decrease 2 sts. each side by k 1, slip 1, k 2 tog. P.s.s.o. at start of row and k 3 tog., k 1 at end of row. P 1 row. Rep. last 2 rows until all sts. are worked off. With navy work 1 row of d.c. around each section, then work 1 row with red. Join the 4 sections with red.

Pom-pom: Wind navy wool around a 2in. cardboard about 40 times, then white, then red, slip off the cardboard, wind wool around at centre, and tie securely. Cut loops at each end and trim. Sew to centre of beret.

QUAINT ANIMAL and human figures are the motifs in this three-piece winter sports set. On display at David Jones', Sydney.

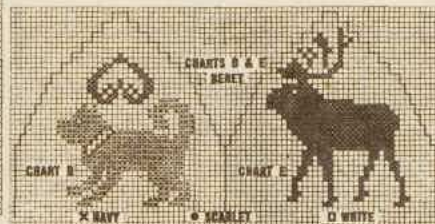
Scarf

With white and using two needles cast on 44 sts., work in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for 2 rows, then work from Chart C in st-st. for 63 rows. Rep. last 55 rows, then rep. the 29 navy rows once (167 rows from start of chart). Work 2 rows white and 4 rows of red border for centre of scarf, then work chart in reverse (starting at top row of navy animal and working down) or work another piece the same and join at centre. With white work 1 row of sl-st. at each side.



* NAVY * SCARLET * WHITE

CHARTS. In making the mittens follow chart A, above, and for the thumb, chart B, at right. Extreme right are charts D and E, for making the beret. It is most necessary to follow the charts carefully to ensure accuracy in working out the pattern.



My hands?



Some lucky people are getting Hinds. Ask your favourite chemist or store. 1/1½ and 2/3.

HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND cream

the final touch of glamour!

Always look for the name



MORLEY

on Underwear

"KANTSHIRK" WOOLLENS for easy warmth - guaranteed unshrinkable.

"VELVET" INTERLOCK COTTON for soft non-irritating comfort.

IT HAPPENS IN TWO SECONDS



Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. Within 2 seconds, it starts to disintegrate. That's what happens when you swallow it - hence the quick relief.

Within two seconds after starting, speed typists can type at the amazing rate of 42,600 strokes per hour!



And, as this glass-of-water test proves, within two seconds after you take Bayer's Aspirin Tablets they're ready to go to work to bring fast pain relief.

FAST PAIN RELIEF

When a headache, cold, flu or muscular ache is making you miserable, take Bayer's Aspirin Tablets for fast relief. Millions the world over know that Bayer's Aspirin Tablets are ready to go to work in two seconds. They disintegrate so amazingly quickly because three important steps—not just one—are used in their quality manufacture.

The single active ingredient of Bayer's Aspirin Tablets is so remarkably effective that doctors prescribe it regularly for pain relief.

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ALWAYS ASK FOR GENUINE **BAYER'S ASPIRIN** TABLETS

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MENTMORE 46

From "tip to clip" it's NEW—from the osmium-iridium tipped, 14 ct. solid gold nib in its protective streamlined hood to the rolled gold or sterling silver push-on cap. The barrel combines beauty with balance and is supplied in a colour range of black, dove-grey, blue and maroon.

With rolled gold cap 60/9

With sterling silver cap 52/3

Available everywhere at all Stationers, Jewellers and Stores.



MENTMORE AUTO-FLOW

(Above) Built for long service, with solid 14 ct. gold nib tipped with osmium-iridium for easy flowing, satin-smooth action.

Price 23/9



MENTMORE *Fountain Pens*
MADE IN ENGLAND

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A Smooth
afternoon
frock with
new grace
of hemline
and lovely
drapes of
Wondoflex
Wool
Boucle



Miami Robes
Creations in
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from all
Leading Schemes
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Fashion Houses

BABY CRAFT WELCOME ADVICE TO BUSY MOTHERS

No one in the world is more busy than the mother of a tiny baby, but she doesn't mind so long as her little one is healthy and happy.

Health and happiness are the natural outcome of regularity. If the little system is kept functioning correctly from the beginning, so much anxiety can be avoided. So why not get Steedman's Powders right away?

Known to three generations, Steedman's are universally recognised as the safest and gentlest aperient from teething time to fourteen years. Promoting healthy regularity without harmful purging, they are obtainable everywhere. Look for the double EE on the wrapper to be sure you get the genuine Steedman's.

They are made solely by JOHN STEEDMAN & CO., DEPT. J., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

ASTHMA CURBED QUICKLY

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health, and weaken your constitution. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vigour so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

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For Asthma . . . Now 6/- & 12/-

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Drive out Dandruff. This special Soap "dig" beneath surface of scalp, removing Dandruff flakes, stopping itch. 1/9 Cakes. All Chemists.

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DANDRUFF
SOAP**

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 1029.—LITTLE GIRL'S NIGHTGOWN

The pattern is clearly traced on British floral flannelette, in pastel-pink, blue, and cream, ready to cut out and sew.

Nightgown: Length 29in., 2 yrs., 8/11; 31in., 4 yrs., 9/6; 33in., 6 yrs., 9/11 (4 coupons). Postage 6/10 extra.

No. 1030.—MATCHING DRESSING- GOWN

A dressing-gown to match the nightgown is also obtainable, clearly traced and ready to sew.

Dressing-gown: Length 29in., 2 yrs., 9/11; 31in., 4 yrs., 10/11; 33in., 6 yrs., 11/6 (5 coupons). Postage 6/10 extra.

No. 1031.—LAYETTE FOR BABY

Patterns are clearly traced, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. The layette is obtainable in a wool mixture fabric or rayon crepe-de-chine. Both materials available in white, pale pink, and pale blue.

Wool Mixture Fabric: Frock, 12/11 (3 coupons), postage 8/10 extra. Slip, 6/11 (2 coupons), postage 4/6 extra. Nightie, 14/11 (1 coupon), postage 8/10 extra. Coat, 13/9 (3 coupons), postage 8/10 extra. Pulchra, 6/11 (1 coupon), postage 4/6 extra. Complete set, 54/6 (12 coupons), postage 2/6 extra.

Rayon Crepe-de-Chine: Same coupon value and postage rate as wool mixture, and following prices. Frock, 14/2; slip, 7/9; nightie, 15/11; coat, 14/9; pulchra, 7/9. Complete set, 58/11.

1031



Fashion PATTERNS



FS140.—Three-piece lingerie set in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material, and 1yd. 36in. lace for nightgown; 2yds. 36in. material, and 1yd. lace for slip; 1yd. 36in. material, and 1yd. 36in. lace for scanties. Price, 3/6.

FS141.—Tailored slacks and matching waistcoat. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

FS142.—Child's pyjama suit, in lengths 37in., 41in., and 45in. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

FS143.—Tailored one-piece frock in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

FS144.—One-piece frock styled for soft wool. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 29.

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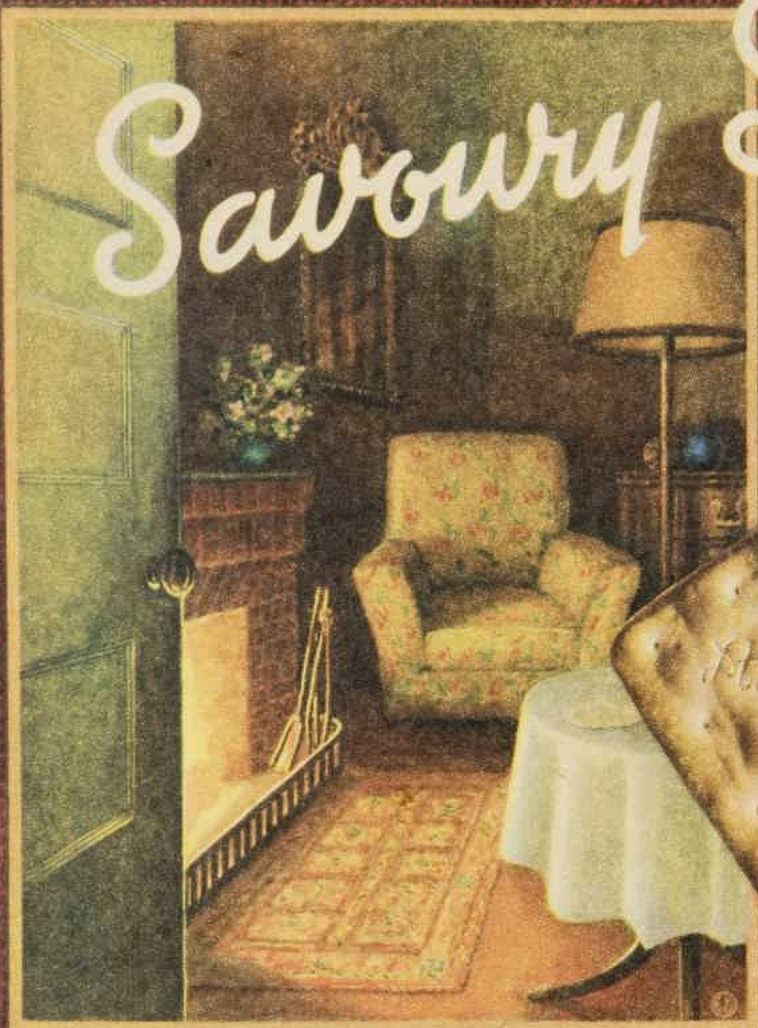
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